



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

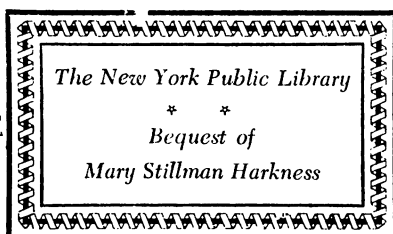
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 07485941 8



NCW
Expenditure



THE BEAR KING



SHIP A-HOY

Page 46

BE THE FIRST

TO SEE IT

AT THE NEW YORK

OF THE NEW YORK

OF THE NEW YORK

OF THE NEW YORK

OF THE NEW YORK

OF THE NEW YORK

OF THE NEW YORK

OF THE NEW YORK

OF THE NEW YORK

OF THE NEW YORK



THE BEAR KING

NARRATIVE CONFIDED TO THE MARINES

BY

JAMES GREENWOOD

AUTHOR OF 'THE HATCHET THROWERS,' 'CURIOSITIES OF SAVAGE LIFE,' ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ERNEST GRISET.

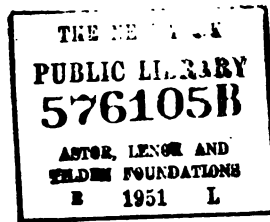


LONDON: GRIFFITH AND FARRAN

SUCCESSORS TO NEWBERRY AND HARRIS

CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD

MDCCCLXVIII.



EDINBURGH: T. CONSTABLE,
PRINTER TO THE QUEEN, AND TO THE UNIVERSITY.

CONTENTS.

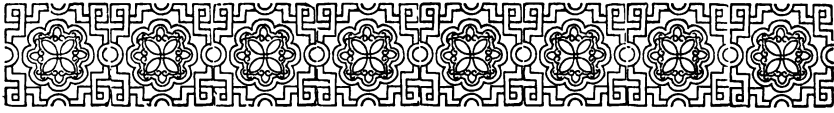
	PAGE
THE FIRST PART,	I
THE SECOND PART,	15
THE THIRD PART,	32
THE FOURTH PART,	79



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
AT THAT INSTANT I LET FLY,	8
THERE COULD BE NO DOUBT ABOUT IT—IT WAS A BEAR!	23
MRS. GRIMBLE TAKES MY ARM,	41
THE MOB SURROUNDED ME,	56
I GAVE MY ATTENTION TO THE SPANISH BLADE,	77
IT WASN'T A VERY DEEP WOUND THAT I GAVE THE TAWNY LION,	82
I EXERTED ALL MY STRENGTH AND RAMMED MY LONG SPEAR FURTHER UP,	92
SHIP A-HOY,	96






THE BEAR KING.

A NARRATIVE CONFIDED TO THE MARINES.

THE FIRST PART.

‘HE story which, by your kind invitation, I am about to relate, gentlemen,’ remarked Tom Lynes, who ranked as bo’sun on board His Majesty’s war frigate “Spiteful,” addressing a select audience of marines, ‘is by no means a common story; and that, you must understand, is the reason why, although the realities of it happened seventeen years ago come Christmas, I have never before ventured to make mention of it to anybody but the very few who know me too well to suppose that I would for a moment be guilty of the meanness of throwing the hatchet.’

‘Then if you will pardon my saying as much,’ observed the corporal of marines, a serious-minded man, and a teetotaller, ‘I think that in so doing you have betrayed a weakness scarcely to be expected in such a man as you are. The truth *is* the truth,

Mr. Lynes, and should never be departed from or shirked on any pretence whatever.'

'There you are quite right, sir; and amongst plain sailing, straightfor'ard men, such as we are, what you say is a maxim it is ever a duty and a pleasure to follow; but what would have been the use of my relating my wonderful adventures on that island to them unbelieving fellows at our end of the ship? I don't mean to say that they would have had the impudence to get up and say, "Tom Lynes, what you are stating is a falsity, and altogether impossible ever to have took place;" no, they mightn't ha' been so ill-mannered as that, but I know 'em; they'd ha' been nodding, and winking, and nudging each other all the time, and, as I needn't tell gentlemen of *your* penetration, that an insinuation may be conveyed in dumb actions as easy as in spoken lingo, and of the two is more hurtful to one's feelings. Not that I blame 'em. Its all owing to their want of knowledge, for which they should be pitied. There can be no denying that some of my actual experiences on Bear Island do seem rather extraordinary to the uncultivated intellect; but, as Robinson Crusoe proves in his history of the mermaids of the Indian Ocean, nothing is impossible. However, they pays the penalty of their ignorance, gentlemen. They are very good fellows, and I respect 'em to a man; but you'll understand what I mean when I say that a man must feel particularly fecktionate towards pigs before he casts pearls to 'em. And now for my story, which you may take my word is as true as that my name is Tom Lynes.'

Which it was not. The name of the bo'sun was Thomas Wagstaff, and as such he was known during the earlier portion of his life, and until his increasing propensity for dealing in improbable narrative earned for him the uncomplimentary but not altogether undeserved *sobriquet* of 'lying Tom.' Once applied, it stuck to him; and a less ingenious man would have been compelled to bear the stigma implied as long as he lived. But Tom was equal to the difficulty, and the next time he signed a ship's papers he changed his name to Tom Lynes, to the complete baffling and confusion of his enemies.

'I was a young man at that period,' commenced Mr. Lynes, 'and, although I say it, as p'raps should not, as taut-built and handsome a fellow as here and there one. My dad, you must know, was a fisherman down along the Sussex coast, and very anxious was the old gentleman that I should follow the profession that he and his father and ever so many in the same line had followed time out o' mind. There seemed no reason why I should depart from the old course; there was the smack, and part of the cottage already furnished, and, better than all, there was a fair young creature, blue-eyed she was, and with a colour like a rose, ready to say, "Yes, and thanky," if I only had a mind to say, "What d'ye say to getting spliced, Tilly?"'

'Well, I know what I should have done had I been in your place, Mr. Lynes,' exclaimed the corporal, looking round on the rest of the audience, who wagged their heads in a manner plainly indicative of what they too would have done under the same circumstances.

‘And I know what I should ha’ done,’ continued Tom, with a sigh, and a remorseful turn of his quid from his left cheek to his right; ‘it would have been the saving of a young heart from breaking and an untimely grave, whatever else it might have led to. Howsomever, since we can’t call the dead to life, we can do without ghosts, as the sayin’ is. The fact is, gentlemen, I was a restless lad, and couldn’t settle, no, not if I’d have had gold-bags to settle on. I shall never forget the way my old dady took on when he accidentally found out what my intentions were.

“Why roam, lad?” said he. “It aint as if you’d no prospects. There’s hundreds of young fellows worked their way up to be Lord Mayor of London out of wuss beginnings than yours. There’s the smack, lad, and she’s half yours, from stem to bowsprit. We’ll have her new painted, Tom, and call her the ‘Tom and Jerry’ (father’s name was Jeremiah), and we’ll share and share alike in her gettins.”

“That’s all very well, dad,” said I, “but what do I want with half her gettins? A quarter or a half of that is enough for a young fellow such as me, who has got no more ambitious desires than a healthy carcase in a sound jacket, and a goodish bit of bacca in the pocket of it, and if I can’t get that as I fly, as the saying is, why I’ll come back to you and wear my wings clipped all the rest of my days.”

“And how about Tilly Shadsed?” said my mother, who was piping her eye; “would you go away and break Tilly’s heart, Tom?”

“Not knowingly, mother,” says I, “nor nobody’s, least of all your’s, old woman. But lookye here, mother, my mind is set on quite another spear of life—a spear with a taller haft and a brighter sort of head to it, as one may say. It may suit some fellows,” says I, “to value their life no more than a mackerel, and that’s what they do do, and no offence to you dad, when they weigh anchor in risky weather ; but it don’t suit me. Just you fancy a big chap like me earning of his bread by circumventing little fishes ! It’s mean ; that’s what I call it. My mind is running on whales and sea-horses in the north seas ; and I’ve signed articles with Captain Blubberby of the whaler ‘Longbow,’ and we sail to-morrow evening.”

‘Well, next evening we sailed, and a very successful and profitable voyage it appeared that we were going to make of it. As for me, I took to whaling as naturally as though I had been weaned on blubber and cut my teeth on a bit of whalebone. The very first whale we spied was a sizable one,—not so big as some I afterwards saw, but still a sight for a fellow who had never before seen any fish bigger than a dolphin. I wouldn’t like to speak positive as to its dimensions ; p’r’aps it was barely as long as this frigate, p’r’aps it was a trifle longer ; and if my judgment might be trusted, I should feel inclined to give in to the frigate in point of thickness round. And let me tell you, gentlemen, you must serve a longish apprenticeship before you are up to all the arts and mysteries of whale fishing ; and of this I had a fair specimen on the very first occasion I am speaking of. I was sitting in the fork’sle with my mates, and we had just finished

dinner, when up jumps one of them in a bustle crying out, "Tumble up, lads! tumble up! a whale, by all that's good!"


"Whereabouts," said I; "you must have better eyes than I've got, my friend, if you can squint through six inches of ship's planking and out to sea."

'At that they all laughed; but the second mate, who at that moment came running down for some fishing-tackle, said, "Don't laugh at him, lads, he'll know better when he grows older. Look here, Tom, here's the whale sign, my boy, and mind you keep your eyes open for all such in future."

'And as he spoke he laid his hand on a little patch of sunlight shining down from above and resting on the side of a bunk, and the light was of all sorts of colours. I couldn't make it out, so I said no more, but hurried on deck with the rest, and there at once the secret of the whale sign was made clear to me. Just about a quarter of a mile away was a tall waterspout the whale was blowing up out of his powerful nostrils, and the sun shining through it the other side made a kind of rainbow, a part of which crossed our vessel, and made the whale sign on the bunk.'

'Wonderful!' observed the corporal of marines.

'Not at all,' replied Tom; 'nothing is wonderful that may be explained on skyentific principles. I could make it as clear as mud in a wine-glass to you in a few words, only if there is anything I dislike more than another it is breaking the thread of a story. Let me see—where was I? oh, just sighting that whale of course. Well, we lowered a boat and we gave chase, our harpooner standing in the bows with his harpoon, which I may



tell you is a kind of capstan-bar ground down to the sharpness of a needle, in his hands ready for a cast. It was an odd thing to come into my head, but don't you see they had had the laugh of me that morning about the whale sign, and I was anxious to make up for it. So I says to the harpooner, "Would it be asking too much, shipmate, to be allowed to take your place just for once?"

"Well, to say the least on 't, it's asking enough, comin' from a ignorant fellow as doesn't even know a whale sign when he sees one," the harpooner sneered in a huffy sort of way.

"If I don't know a sign, I know a whale when I see one," said I; "and if I only had that tool of yours, I'd show you the right way to finish him."

"Hold your row, this isn't no time for joking," said he.

"I never was more serious in my life," said I; "and to prove it to you, I'll lay you a month's pay that I pin him first cast."

"You're nothing but a conceited monkey, that's what you are," said the harpooner; "and to just give you your deservings, I'll take your wager. You hear the bet, mates?—a month's pay he pins him first cast."

"Give me hold of the iron," said I; "don't you go to suppose that I mean backing out. Which is the best place to hit him?"

"Just at the bend of his right off leg isn't a bad spot," one of the fellows answered with a grin; "or there are others that prefer hitting 'em in the left eye, which is the vilest part of a whale's body."

'Of course I saw that they were only gammoning me;

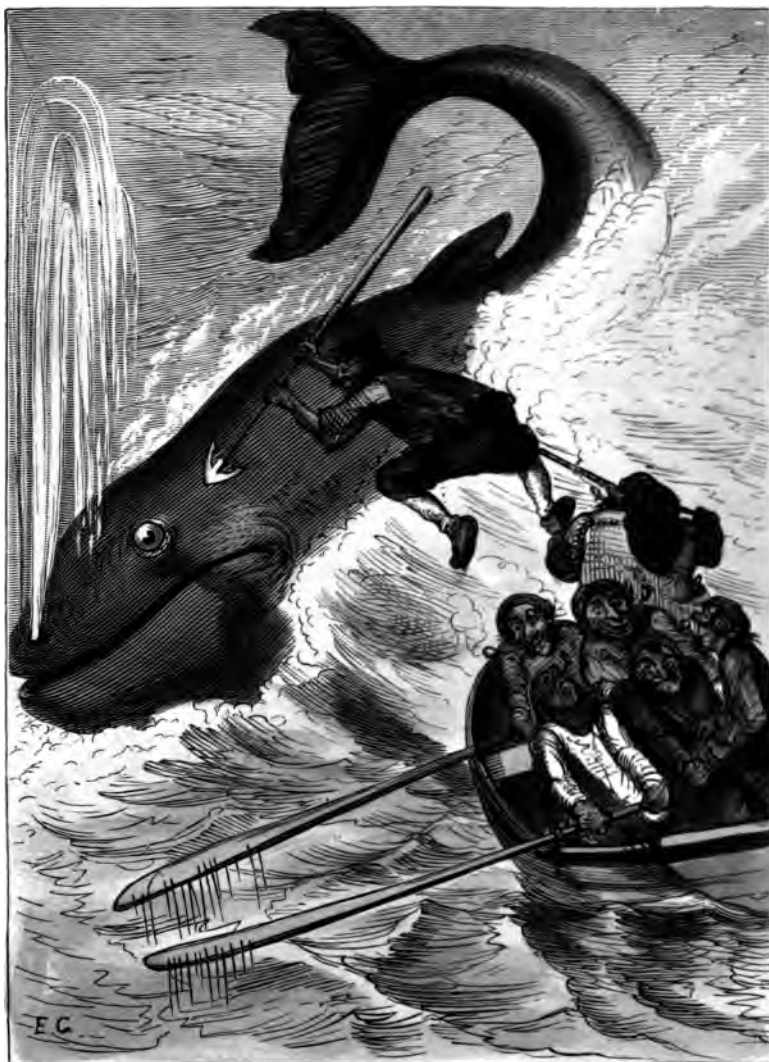
but I kept my temper, well knowing that coolness was a thing I couldn't possess too much of in carrying out my intention.'

"You'd better pay half forfeit and let me take the iron," said the harpooner, as we neared our game.

"Which shows that you are kinder 'arted than I am," says I, laughing; "for I'm blowed if I'd let you off as easy." And although they went on chaffing, I never spoke a word in return, but standing upright, with the harpoon balanced, watched for my chance. I had not long to wait. When we were within five-and-forty yards of the monster, it raised its head out of the water just to give us one last squint before it took aim with its tail, and at that instant I let fly. I don't wish to lay claim, gentlemen, to what isn't my due; p'r'aps it was all luck, p'r'aps it was all skill; p'r'aps it was a fair mixture of the two. Of that, however, you are as well able to judge as I am, or at all events you will be when I inform you that, within an instant of my casting, there, in the whale's head, in place of a vicious left eye, was an iron horn.

'It was something to win a month's pay just in the space of a minute; but it was much more, a much greater triumph I mean to say, for me to look around me and behold the countenances of all present, their grinning all turned to amazement, and their chaffing to murmurs of wonder and admiration. But there was not one of the party so completely flabbergasted as the harpooner; and, to do him justice, he behaved under his defeat like a man.

"Shipmate," said he, "here's my hand, for you're a man to be



AT THAT INSTANT I LET FLY. *Page 8.*

proud of the acquaintance of. As for my bet that I've lost, I wish for your sake that it was double what it is; but if anybody but yourself had told me that you never saw a whale, or handled a harpoon before in your life, I should have been tempted to tell him that he was saying what wasn't true."

'I daresay there would have been more discussion on the subject, only that the whale, who was not quite dead as yet, required all our attention in the management of our boat to keep clear of him; for, owing to his brain being touched, he was sort of maddened, and kept on throwing summersets in the air, and coming down on the water with a smash that no doubt helped to knock the breath out of his body sooner than it would otherwise have left it. It was quite a relief to us when we heard him utter a great groan, and then lie still and dead on his side.

'There was no more chaffing or poking fun at the mackerel fisherman after this, you may take my word. My behaviour was reported to the master; and, in addition to my winnings, I got a handsome present from him. It was done up in a neat packet, and directed to the "Whale Blinder," by which name I was known as long as I remained aboard that unfortunate ship. Full particulars of my first harpooning exploit was duly entered in the ship's log, and Captain Blubberby told me privately that he was so pleased with me, that it was his intention to discharge his first mate at the end of the voyage, and engage me in his stead.

'So that you see, gentlemen, if fortune had kept true to me,

I should have been a made man for life, but it happened otherwise. We had been at sea going on for three months, until Christmas drew near. It was the captain's original intention that we should have sailed home before this, so as to spend Christmas with our friends; but our luck continuing, we went on and on, saying this shall be our last whale, and this, and this, till, as I before stated, Christmas eve overtook us when we were deep in the ice, without a chance of getting clear until the spring.

‘You might think that we were disheartened at this; not we. Over a certain number of barrels of oil we were entitled to go shares in the catch, as well as receiving our wages; and so extraordinary had been our success, that, as high as we could count, each man was at least twelve pounds to the good, with a fair prospect of making the sum up to twenty before the end of our voyage. Besides, we had a good captain, and the provisions held out well, and there was no stint of rum; and it isn't a little that a fellow requires in these cold climates, I can tell you.

‘But although our provisions were fair enough in a general way, they were hardly the sort for Christmas. All day long we had noticed that the captain's brow was cloudy, but we didn't give him credit for the cause. Towards the evening he called me into his cabin, and after measuring out a double tot of rum out of friendship, says he,—

“Tommy, to-morrow is Christmas day, and should be treated as such, even though a man finds himself in a heathen wilderness inhabited only by whales and walruses.”

“That’s a sentiment as does you honour, captain,” says I.

“Yes,” he continued, “it should be treated as such ; but I’m hanged, Tommy, if I know how to manage it.”

“In what respect, captain?” I asked him.

“In respect of grub, Tommy,” said he ; “raisins we have, likewise fat and flour, so we are right as to plum-duff. Rum we have in any quantity, so we’re all right on *that* score. What I’m dubersome about is the roast beef. It will be only shabby, and not grateful after our long luck, to give Christmas junk or boiled pork for his dinner. What we want, Tommy, is beef, and how are we to get it?”

“How, captain?” says I, for I knew that he had picked on me as more likely than any one else to help him out of his difficulty, and I didn’t like to fail him. “’Scuse me, sir,” says I ; “but I suppose it’s no more true that where there’s smoke there’s fire, than where there’s cow there’s beef?”

“The cases are so much alike that a lawyer couldn’t tell which from t’other,” replied Captain Blubberby.

“Then,” says I, “with your permission, captain, I’ll take a drop of rum with me in a flask, and while it is still light, climb up to the mast head, and spy about if I can discover such a thing as a cow.”

‘A cow!’ interrupted the officer of marines, ‘I beg your pardon, Mr. Lynes, but did you say a cow, sir?’

‘So I said, and so I meant,’ said Tom ; ‘don’t you suppose, gentlemen, that cows are confined to land. Bless you, no! There are sea-cows, and sea-horses, and sea-bears ; and in some

of the hot parts sea-lions and tigers too. They are different in shape from the land sort, and have scales instead of fur ; but as to ferocity, they'd lick twice their number of the tame land sort anytime. Sea-cows swarm out in them northern seas. Many nights we couldn't get a wink of sleep for the bleatings of the calves, and the rows and fights amongst the old bulls. They cut up pretty much like English beef, do sea-cows, but the flesh is not so full of gravy, and, until you grow used to it, there is a smack of fish in its flavour. However, it was sea-cow beef or none with us ; so, filling a big flask—for you must know it was bitter cold on deck, let alone up at the mast head—I swarmed up and took a squint round.

‘ It was growing towards dusk when I started from the deck, and to my astonishment I discovered that the higher I got the lighter it became. I couldn't make it out at all, and began to think that it wasn't the evening that was growing light, but my head, owing to the intense cold, and the extra dram of rum I had taken. But I was soon undeceived, and in a manner that makes my flesh creep, and my hair to feel as though it has a great mind to stand on end, even at this distance of time. It *was* growing lighter, and the light came from two tremendous icebergs, one from the east, and the other from the west, and both bearing suth'ards. A half glance served to convince me that we were lost with our doomed ship keeping its present course, and the icebergs keeping their course. In less than three minutes we should be crushed flat between 'em.’

‘ Horrid ! ’ whispered the corporal of marines.

‘But you very properly say “if” your ship continued in her present course,’ remarked a young sergeant, who had just before joined the party; ‘then again you say that in three minutes you were bound to be smashed; under such circumstances you will excuse me if I inquire why you didn’t get out of the way?’

‘Why didn’t we get out of the way, indeed!’ responded Mr. Lynes, with a pitying tone; ‘I’ll tell you why, since you are so young and ignorant as to ask, it was because we couldn’t.’

‘But you had a tongue in your head,’ said the sergeant sharply.

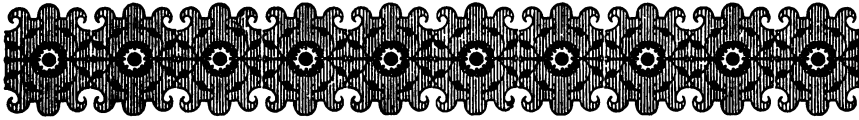
‘I had so,’ replied Tom, with a doleful wag of his head; ‘I had a tongue, young man, but what was the use of it? It was frozen stiff with terror. My eyes were fixed on the terrible bergs, and they seemed to be frozen too. My legs, my arms, every part of me seemed frozen excepting my neck, and hoping still to give them some warning of their frightful danger, I wagged my head as hard as I could in the direction of the icebergs. But, alas! I did more harm than good by the movement. They were gathered in a ring on the deck with the captain with them, and I suppose that the good-hearted old fellow had informed them of his reason for sending me aloft, for when they saw me wagging my head they thought, to be sure, it was because I had sighted a cow, and at once raised their voices and gave three cheers for the “Whale Blinder.” Then laughing and clapping each other merrily on the shoulder, led by Captain Blubberby,

they struck up that soul-stirring stave the "Roast Beef of Old England," and all the while there was I unable to move anything but my head, nod-nodding as though to encourage them, like a Chinese mandarin in a tea-shop. Horror-stricken as I was, however, I could not help being deeply affected at the heart-rending spectacle. Two and twenty hale and hearty fellows clinking cans and singing, and never dreaming that Davy Jones was gradually opening the lid of his locker to the music as it were,—the locker lid that would presently shut on them with a bang, never to be raised again. Clear and mellow in the thin crisp air their voices came up to my high perch, and just as they got to the fifth verse—


"When good Queen Elizabeth sat on her throne,
Ere coffee, or tea, or such slip-slops were known,
The world was in terror if—"

And then came the calamity. It seemed that the more nearly the enormous icebergs approached each other the faster they rushed, as they were alive to the mischief and eager to get at it. "The world was in terror if—," and then c-r-r-r-anch! with a roar like shrill thunder the ice-rocks clapped together, and the "Longbow" was crushed as a cinder is crushed under one's heel.

'And, gentlemen, I think the time has come for ten minutes' refreshment, therefore I will thank you not to ask a single question during that time, which I will devote to smoking a pipe and tasting a jorum of your excellent grog.'



THE SECOND PART.

‘ND now, gentlemen,’ began Tom Lynes, as, having smoked his pipe to the last moment of the stipulated time, despite the whisperings and tantalized looks of the perplexed marines, he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and laid it down, ‘I’ll continue my story. I daresay all this time you’ve been wondering how, since our unfortunate ship was so cruelly destroyed, and crushed, and smashed, every stave and plank of her—’

‘How you escaped,’ interrupted the impatient corporal. ‘I beg your pardon, Mr. Lynes, for making the observation, but you are right in supposing that the circumstance you mention, and to the truth of which you are a living witness, *does* puzzle us indeed.’

‘I can only account for it on the supposition that the bergs were rugged, and that when they clapped together two lucky hollows formed a kind of chimney up which Mr. Lynes climbed,’ remarked a full private deferentially.

‘And a very ingenious suggestion too, sir,’ observed Thomas, ‘and one I think it not unlikely I should have availed myself of if—if I had been driven to it. But unfortunately for me, gentlemen, or rather fortunately, as I think you will agree, the face of each berg was just as flat and smooth as—what shall I say? I don’t think I shall be far on the wrong side of truth if I say that the face of each ice-rock was as flat and smooth as a pane of glass. And where did I find myself after that awful and deafening bang? Why, gentlemen, I’ll tell you where I found myself. I was lying all along on the top of a great bank of floating ice, solid looking as though cast in a mould; for the seam where the bergs had joined was as neat as though they had been fine-drawn together by a tailor, and safe and sound, and none the worse except for the loss of a good pair of oilskin leggings I was wearing just before the accident. How I so miraculously escaped, gentlemen, I do not attempt to explain; really and trully I am as much in ignorance of the way as you are, at the same time I am naturally in better condition to give a guess, and, as nigh as I can come at it, I was preserved in this way: You must know that in pressing the blubber into the barrels our common practice was to get in and jump it down; not a pleasant job, because it led to your being continually in a state of grease from your toes to your knees. I was always rather particular about cleanliness, you must understand, and so I had made myself a pair of oilskin leggings, like stockings, to wear when I had to tread down blubber, so that when I was done I had nothing to do but slip the leggings off,

and then I was clean and decent. Well, it luckily happened that when the captain called me away from my job of blubber-treading to go aloft and look after a sea-cow, I was so eager to oblige him that I kept my leggings on. Furthermore, I must inform you that the summit of the icebergs—they were just of an height—was just exactly as tall as our mainmast. Now, if I'm not mistaken, gentlemen, you begin to see a road through the mystery! Standing upright, my body was above the top of the mainmast, and my legs, all greasy you will please to recollect, in a line with the top edge of the icebergs. Well, on they come, and presently they clap fairly together as pancakes, and pop I am shot out from between, just as you may shoot an orange pip from between your finger and thumb. I don't pledge myself to this explanation, as I before observed, gentlemen, but I think you will agree with me that it is the likeliest one.'



'I have not the least doubt that your surmise is the correct

one,' exclaimed the corporal, regarding Mr. Lynes' legs curiously.

'I can see it all as plainly as though I was on the spot, sir,' remarked the young sergeant enthusiastically, and by way of making amends for his previous expression of incredulity; 'in fact, under the circumstances, I can scarcely understand what else could have happened.'

'Then you mean to say that you don't see anything at all miraculous in my escape, sir?' exclaimed Mr. Lynes severely.

'Oh dear no, my dear sir; nothing of the kind, I assure you,' the young sergeant hastened to explain. 'What I meant to say was, that since you were to be saved miraculously, I don't see in what other way the miracle could have worked. But pray proceed, Mr. Lynes. How did you get on after your providential escape?'

'Providential you may well call it, sir, though, since this is a true story, I am bound to tell you that I didn't quite think so at the time, and when I came to look about me. It was true my life was spared, but it seemed that the sparing was only from being crushed that I might be starved. What chance had I of preserving my miserable life? Ice all round about me, and blank, solitary sea all beneath me; night setting in too! Gentlemen, it was, I know, very wicked in me, but for a few minutes I was in despair, and wished that I had been down in the deep with my shipmates and out of my misery. Like a madman, as I was, I rushed about the iceberg, which was, as far as I can remember, about two hundred yards long and as many wide,

making the frosty air echo my despairing cries, and it was only when I was completely exhausted that I sank down upon the ice.

‘Running and tearing about had one good effect, if none other. It promoted the circulation of my blood, and set me in a comfortable glow of heat, such as I had never experienced since we entered the ice regions. Then I began to take a more cheerful view of matters. Why should I despair? I was young, and strong, and hearty, and though my present prospects were not promising, escape was not impossible.’

‘Quite so, Mr. Lynes,’ put in the attentive corporal; ‘you of all men should not have questioned the possibility of your being ultimately released from your perilous position.’

‘That is exactly the remark that was on the tip of my tongue when you interrupted me, sir. Thinks I to myself, “Well, here you are, Tom Lynes, and here you are likely to stick, ’cept for a miracle; and why not a miracle? or rather, if one miracle, why not another? It isn’t a very great one that is required—one a quarter the size of that which fillipped you out from between the crushing icebergs would serve you. Besides, you ain’t like a man quite destitute. It might have happened that the time when you went aloft to look out for sea-cows was just before dinner time, whereas not half-an-hour before you had as fair a tuck in of pork and suetty pudding as a north-sea whaler could desire. It might have happened that, being in your trousers’ pocket, the flask with the rum in it might have been smashed when the enormous ice rocks clapped together, but here it is safe and sound. It might have happened that you were

without a morsel of bacca—it would have been so if the awful event had happened yesterday; but by good luck it comes on a Monday, the day on which every man had his week's allowance of half a pound of cavendish served out to him, and here's your allowance snug and dry in the bosom of your Guernsey. Last of all, and best of all, it might have happened that, although you was provided with a pipe and bacca, you had got no matches, whereas, being fond of a whiff of bacca when up aloft on the look out for whales, you have been in the weekly habit, when you got your 'lowance of bacca, of cribbing a dozen or so out of the captain's box" (it gave me a twinge as I thought of where the man now was that I had played this mean trick on, I assure you, gentlemen), "and here they are safely rolled up in a bit of brown paper. Therefore," said I to myself, "so far from snivelling and being down on your luck, you should be all t'other way."

'So I resolved to be t'other way as far as possible, and, by way of helping towards it, took a swig out of my pint flask; and then finding that my toes were growing benumbed like, I cut out a first-rate slide on the ice and kept the pot a bilin', as the boys in the street say, for at least half-an-hour.'

'Shocking to think on!' remarked the tender-hearted corporal. 'Thus it is, my friends, that misfortune makes us selfish, and changes our natures from white to black, as one may say. So it was with our bo'sun. Since there was no other way of warming his toes, he does not scruple to make a slide over the bodies of his buried shipmates!'

‘I must beg your pardon there, Mr. Corporal,’ said Tom; ‘I did not do it without scruple, at least not after I had been at it for a minute or so, and I had worked myself into a perspiration. “You’re a pretty fellow to go a sliding and capering a-top of what you might call the tombstone of your departed shipmates,” was the thought that came into my head, and then I made for leaving off; but by this time it had grown ten times colder with the night and the rising of the moon, and soon as I stood still for a moment, the perspiration I was just speaking of immediately began to freeze, so that I felt as though I had an ice-shirt on. It was compulsion, gentlemen, that kept me sliding, and I kept the pot a bilin’ as aforesaid to keep my ice-shirt thawed, while my sorrowful tears froze as they were shed, and dropped down on to the slide like hailstones. At last I was so tired that I could not put one foot before the other to slide, and, freeze or not freeze, was compelled to sit down. When I took that first swig of my precious rum, I resolved that it should be the last for that night; but now there was no help for it but that it must go, so I drank it off at a draught.

‘But the comfort it gave me was not lasting. As the night drew on it became colder and colder; the biting wind—just fresh from the north pole, bear in mind, gentlemen—blowing on me and pricking me like new needles. So I pulled myself together a bit, and by the light of the moon set about discovering some sort of crevice or hole in which I might stow away for the night.

‘ Here again luck favoured me. After a little searching I found a hollow in the ice, for all the world like a big jar ; it being narrow at the neck, and big at the belly, as one may say, and just about as deep as I was tall. It will be precious cold lodging, I’ll be bound, thought I, as, with my teeth chattering, I crept into the hole, but I was mistaken ; out of the night air it was almost warm, in a manner of speaking, and being completely dead beat, I curled myself round like a hedgehog, and in a very few minutes was fast asleep.

‘ How long I slept I don’t know, but when I opened my eyes it was pitch dark, and I had a feeling at my chest for all the world as though I was being suffocated, and all the while there was a noise in my ears as of a dozen fellows snoring their hardest. Being but half awake, I could think no other but that I was still aboard the “Longbow,” and that the cause of the snoring noise and the feeling of suffocation was one of my shipmates mistaking my berth for his own, and pitching in a-top of me. But I was soon brought to my senses when I put out my hand and touched the icy floor. Then the recollection of all the horrors that had happened during the last few hours flashed back to my mind, and I remembered all about the icebergs and my extraordinary escape, and my turning in to sleep in the hole where I now was ; but what the pitchy darkness and the curious rumbling meant, I couldn’t make out in the least.

‘ I scrambled to my feet as well as I could, meaning to look out at the hole, but as I put up my head it knocked against something with a bang that sent me down on to my knees



THERE COULD BE NO DOUBT ABOUT IT—IT WAS A BEAR!

Page 23.

almost. Whatever it was, it was soft and warm feeling, and as soon as I stirred, the rumbling noise I at first heard became louder than ever.

‘More and more perplexed, I put up my hand and found that the warm soft thing was the shaggy coat of some beast, and that the growling noise was its voice. There could be no doubt about it—it was a bear!

‘There was little time left me to consider what had best be done, for each moment I felt my breath growing shorter, and my head aching fit to split. If the bear warn’t made to shift its quarters I must be suffocated, so I doubled my fist and made to fetch it a stinger; but, just in time, it came into my mind that bears’ flesh was good to eat, and that if I could provide myself in victuals and ventilation at one stroke, it would be the wisest thing to do. So I groped for my jack-knife hanging at my side and opened it, and taking a good grip at the handle, with a one, two, three, let fly at the beast’s body with all my might. Of course it was all haphazard whether the part of the bear I struck at was a vital one, but my old luck did not desert me. No sooner had I plunged up my blade and withdrew it again, than with a terrific roar the bear leapt up, and I was deluged in what I saw was blood by the welcome moonlight that the animal’s removal permitted to stream in at the open roof of my bedroom.

‘So sudden was the movement of the bear, that the wisp of its hair I had turned my fingers round was left in my hand, when I ventured to peep out of the hole, hardly knowing

whether to hope that it had made off or remained. But he hadn't travelled far. There he stood, not half a dozen paces off, with his eyes blazing like the stars, and a ridge of hair all down his back bolt upright with rage. Soon as he saw me, he uttered a tremendous roar and backed for a spring, but he wasn't equal to it. The slit in his side was too much for him, and instead of bounding forward, he staggered just as though a fellow three sheets in the wind might, and making a hideous face at me, sank down, and with a roar ten times louder than his last, turned over on to his back and expired.

'Loud, however, as the roar was, it was only a whisper compared with what followed. If the winds from every point of the compass had each taken the voice of a wild beast and let out at a signal, the uproar could not have been more deafening. I've heard a few noises in my time, gentlemen, not forgetting the thunders of artillery both from ship and fort; but I give you my word, I never heard a noise like the one I am telling you of. The very rock in which my hole was seemed to quake and tremble, and all I could do was to thrust my fingers into my ears and crouch down, afraid to breathe almost. But as the dead silence that ensued on the horrid din continued unbroken, I at last plucked up courage to take a peep out, and discovering the coast to be clear, I crept out to have a look about me.

'The view was of an altogether different kind from what I expected to find, and very much surprised me. My iceberg had kept moving all night (it was very nearly daylight, as the waning

moon showed), and had drifted close to an island, along the margin of which it was now slowly travelling. It was not at all an enticing looking island ; on the contrary, it was the most forlorn and desolate looking place mariner was ever wrecked on. Not a human being or a human habitation was in sight, and except that the ground was covered with snow, it was quite barren as far as the eye could reach, except for a few skeleton looking trees and some stunted bushes of the bleak and spiky kind, such as are only to be met with in frost-bound regions.'

'But what had become of the wild animals whose voices you had just before heard, Mr. Lynes ?' asked the corporal.

'That was exactly the question I asked myself while I looked about me,' continued Tom ; 'and I was the more anxious to find out, gentlemen, as you will readily believe when I tell you that on every side I could make out in the snow the footprints of savage animals of various kinds. I climbed to the highest peak of the berg and took observations, and discovered that half way or thereabouts across the island there was a range of hills, with ragged rocks jutting out here and there, and I had no doubt that this was where the beasts' lairs were.

'When I first found myself alone on the iceberg, and floating in an unknown sea, it seemed to me that I would have given half my life to set my feet on firm land ; but now I had it in my power to do so—for the ice floated so close to the island that I could easily have jumped on to it—I had no particular inclination to avail myself of the opportunity. At all events, I'll wait till it is full daylight before I attempt to go ashore,

thought I, and meanwhile it will do me no harm if I can pick a mouthful of breakfast. As you are aware, gentlemen, there was nothing that I could breakfast off except the old bear I had been fortunate to kill, and to my great disgust I found that I should be compelled to eat its flesh raw ; for though, as before mentioned, I had matches in my pocket, the nearest tree on the island before me was distant at least a quarter of a mile ; besides which, had fuel been more easily come-at-able, it mightn't have been prudent to make a bonfire. For all I knew to the contrary, there might be savages—cannibals, perhaps—living behind that range of hills, who might be tempted to pay me a visit. So I drew my knife, and down I sat to my bear.

‘ It wasn't bad breakfasting after all, although all that I had to quench my thirst was the creature's blood, and all I had to eat, its raw flesh. It wasn't like raw meat, indeed, for no sooner had I carved a rasher from its ribs than the frost took it and made it as crisp and short as a biscuit. I am afraid to tell you how much of the meat I ate, least it should throw discredit on the other and more wonderful parts of my story, which I have yet to relate to you ; but you can make a reasonable good guess when I tell you that five of the fat creature's ribs were laid bare before I shut up my clasp-knife. After breakfast I lit a pipe, and fell to considering what my next move should be.

‘ In the first place, nothing could be more certain than that unless I had something more to cover me than I at present possessed, I should freeze to death, and that in a very short time. Even as it was, and with a good meal of bear's-meat

within me, the frost couldn't leave me alone. As I took my breakfast I sat cross-legged like a tailor, and my trousers had got tucked up well, do you think that I could pull the legs down to their proper place? No, the creases were froze as hard as hard-bake, and when I moved my knees to walk, there was a clattering like the breaking of crockery. Then, again, my seal-skin cap had fallen off while I lay asleep in my hole, and my hair had set so stiff and hard that I was afraid of breaking it short off if I handled it too roughly, and was obliged to be content with hanging the cap on a convenient spray of it, so that at least one of my ears might be covered.

'It is very curious, and I daresay the same thing has occurred to many of you, gentlemen, that we very often set our wits wandering any number of miles abroad in search of something that lies just under our stupid noses. So it was with me. "It's all very fine wishing for warm clothing," said I to myself, "but how are you going to get it my lad? You can't make a coat out of snow, or a pair of breeches out of the same stuff our first parents made their clothes out of—leastways not warm ones. What then are you going to do?" I just put it to you, gentlemen, what would either of you have done had you been in my place?'

'It is no use asking us, Mr. Lynes,' replied the corporal; 'for my part, and I *think* I am as brave as any man in my company, I should have been too much terrified to think about winter clothing, I should indeed, and I am not ashamed to confess it.'

‘I should think not, sir,’ said Mr. Lynes; ‘a man is no more responsible for the quality of his pluck than for a wart on his nose or a corn on his foot. Only that, just as it happened, I was born with just a little more coolness and, shall I say, courage, gentlemen—’

‘Decidedly,’ remarked the corporal, while every marine present nodded his head approvingly.

‘Well, well, gentlemen, have it your own way,—being born with more courage than falls to the lot of most men, and I think, after the latitude you have so kindly allowed me, I may venture to add, possessing ingenuity to match my courage, I was not cast down at the dismal prospect of winter clothes. As I before remarked, I went on puzzling and puzzling for a good ten minutes, and at last, growing tired of standing, I sat down on the remains of my breakfast, and then the idea I had been pummelling my brains for skipped there as naturally as a cat skips on to a table when she smells fish. There was a coat all ready to my hand—the bear’s coat! To be sure it might not be exactly my fit, but of the two it was too big, and that was a fault easy to remedy since I had my knife; and as luck would have it, only the day before I had been busy at a job of sail mending, and when I had done, I slipped the sail needle and wax-end into my jacket pocket.

‘I did not waste another thought on the matter, but set about stripping my enemy of the warm jacket that was no longer of any use to him. I expected a tough job, but was agreeably surprised to find the contrary, for the frost had taken

the fat that lay between the animal's hide and its flesh, and the former peeled off neat and easy as peeling an onion.



‘I think I before remarked, gentlemen, that it was a very large bear, quite as tall as I was, but, as you may readily imagine, considerably bigger round the body. There was plenty of stuff and to spare to make me a great-coat; and many a fellow, situated as I was, would have made no more ado than to whip off the skin of the head and legs, and slouched the square bit that was left over his shoulders; but there's nothing like doing things properly and in order. That, I assure you, gentlemen, has been the principle of my life, and I did not depart from it on the trying occasion I am telling you of. As you shall presently hear, it saved me from ruin.

‘First of all I got in at the slit I had made, when I pulled the skin off over the bear's head, and thrust my legs into the

places where its hind legs had been, and my arms into the places where its fore legs had been, and thus bringing my eyes just on a level with the holes the old bear used to see out of, and enabling me to examine the fit of my coat, and discover where it needed taking in ; when, lo and behold ! what should I spy, just making ready for a spring from the island on to my iceberg, but a second bear ! I thought that the first was a largeish one, as I think I have mentioned, but this one beat it by chalks. It was a she, as I could see by her udder, hanging down like that of a cow, and her malicious looking eyes were looking about inquisitively, as though she was in search of something.

‘ I don’t mind confessing, gentlemen, that with all the pluck you are good enough to give me credit for, that the sight of this second monster made me feel queer, and none the less so when I saw that she had sighted me, and was making up to where I stood as fast as she could. There was only one thing to do, and that was to fall down on to my hands and knees, and crawl as fast as I could to the hole in which I had slept last night, and by pulling a bit of ice over the top of the hole, lie quiet and so baffle her.

‘ No sooner said than done, but not a bit too quickly ; for scarcely had I concluded my little arrangements than I heard her puffing and blowing within a dozen yards of my hole, and then she came to a standstill. And now, gentlemen, I must inform you that I have arrived at the most curious, or, as these ignorant fellows at t’other end of the ship would say, the

toughest part of my narrative. I don't ask you to believe in it. I wouldn't ask any man to believe in it, and be offended if he refused. This is the simple fact, however; when the old bear stood still, she began to mutter to herself as it were, and believe me, or believe me not, I lifted up the lid of my hut a little way and listened, and I could distinctly make out what she was muttering. You are astonished, I see, gentlemen, and very naturally. If you've no objection, I'll take another pipe and wet my whistle, while you compose yourselves to listen to what will astonish you still further, or I'm mistaken.



THE THIRD PART.

‘**P**RAY, Mr. Lynes,’ exclaimed the corporal politely, when Tom had finished his pipe, ‘is it in your power to give us any explanation of the extraordinary phenomenon you have just mentioned? Don’t imagine for a moment, my dear sir, that we doubt your veracity; but if, for scientific reasons, you could throw a light on a fact so remarkable, you will be conferring a favour on more than one of the company present.’

‘There you hit it,’ replied Tom with perfect gravity; ‘for skyentific reasons I *cannot* explain it. I never was of a skyentific turn, never could take to it, though I’ve had a precious many tries. But I tell you what I can do, I can inform you what half-a-dozen of them skyentific fellows, to whom a friend of mine put the matter, had to say about it.’

‘Then they did not disbelieve in it? You’ll pardon me, Mr. Lynes, but, as I’m sure you must have discovered, some people are so incredulous. Your friend did not find that any one of the

six scientific men doubted the possibility of your understanding the bear tongue ?'

'Not they, that's the best of skyentific people ; they believe in everything, and that's what I like 'em for,' replied Mr. Lynes. 'They aint like a lot of small-minded grovelling chaps, with no more grasp of intelleck, as one may say, than makes 'em able to peck at, and worry, and try to pull to pieces everything that aint as plain as a pike-staff to 'em. The man of skyence is too elevated for that sort of game. He takes things as he finds 'em, and the tougher they seem, the more satisfaction he gets in making 'em appear all right, and only accordin' to nature.'

'But did they all agree as to the reason why you understood the bear language ?' inquired the corporal anxiously.

'Taint likely ; no, dash it, if skyence had been such a simple affair as agreeing with your neighbour, I should have learnt it years ago. The art of skyence is not to agree with anybody, but to go round a t'other way, and show everybody that you can make five, by clapping four and one together, as easily as they can by splicing two and three or three and two. The way in which one of them explained it was, that owing to the great number of bears living in the neighbourhood, the air had got so strongly spiced with their breath, in a manner of speaking, that it was impossible to exist in it for so long as a night and a day, without imbibing so much of their nature as to make you equal to speaking and understanding their lingo.'

'Speaking their lingo, Mr. Lynes ! *Speaking* it, sir ?'

'As you shall hear presently, if you are only patient, gentle-

men ; but really you must not interrupt me so often,' continued Mr. Lynes. ' Another of the long-headed men of skyence would have it, that what t'other called the 'airy theory was all nonsense; that air could only affect the lungs, and that though breathing the air of the island might have affected me with a bearish cough, it would never empower me with bear language ; it was drinking the blood of the old bear warm from its veins that had done the trick, so he said ; while another, who had great faith in bears' grease, insisted that my knowledge came through the fatty lining of the fur coat I was trying on when I spied the old she-bear making up to me. If you ask me which opinion I hang on to, I will tell you that I think there seems to me more gumption in the blood-drinking idea than in the other two ; but, as I said before, I know no more about it than you do, and you are quite as free to account for the miracle as the three skyentific gentlemen or myself.

' Anyhow, I was all of a sudden able to understand bear language, and as I crouched down in my hole, I distinctly heard the old she grumbling,—

“ Can't think where he has gone ! The old blockhead, to take himself off in a huff like that, just because I asked him to lick little Goggle for a few minutes, and make him quiet, while I washed myself and put the den a little to rights. That's the worst of being troubled with an old bear for a husband ; the cubs mus'n't play, or be the least tiresome, or else there's soon looks of surliness. Where can he have gone ? Grimble ! Grimble ! Grimble ! ”

‘ You ’ll understand, gentlemen, that although I am able to narrate to you the exact words the old she-bear used, it would be quite impossible for me to give you in man language any idea of the terrible tone of her voice. It was a hollow, deep-chested growl, that seemed to make the entire ice of the berg quake ; indeed, while it lasted, flakes of ice were continually cracking from the sides of my hiding-place, and falling a-top of me. “ Grimble ! Grimble ! Grimble ! ” the monster kept on moaning as she wandered to and fro, while I lay trembling to that degree that I was in fear she would hear the noise my knees made striking against each other. “ Grimble ! Grimble ! I thought I spied him just now, but I must have been mistaken, it must have been—hallo ! ” ’

‘ What’s the matter, Mr. Lynes ? ’ inquired the corporal, starting up as Tom uttered the sudden ejaculation.

‘ Nothing at all with me, thankye ; I ’m very comfortable,’ replied Tom ; ‘ it was on the bear’s account that I cried “ hallo ! ” that being the word by which she expressed her sudden astonishment as she all unexpected came upon the flayed carcass I had breakfasted off. “ Hallo ! ” says she,—the greedy old wretch, forgetting altogether about her lost husband,—“ clip my claws if here isn’t something to eat ! Already skinned too, so that I shall have no trouble in picking the fur from between my teeth afterwards. I haven’t had so jolly a feed all to myself since the last shipwreck.” ’

‘ And with that she squatted down, and, as I could tell from the sound of crunching of bones, set to in earnest. It was her

husband that she was eating, I had no manner of doubt ; and though it was some sort of satisfaction for me to think that while the ravenous brute was robbing me of my meat, she was likewise committing an act of cannibalism that would rather interfere with her digestion if she was made aware of it, there was another reflection that came along with it that made me feel the reverse of comfortable. If it was her husband, the lost Grimble, she was devouring, it was that defunct beast's skin I had on my shoulders at that very moment, and if anybody should know it, and be able to recognise it, his wife would, and then what would instantly follow there could be no question ! Should I cast off the skin ? I didn't have the heart to do it. Funking had given me the cold creeps, as the saying is, and I felt that if I took off my warm topcoat it would be to consign myself to a speedy death from freezing. So I resolved to lie quiet in hopes that when the old glutton had finished her meal she would either walk off, or perhaps, if she over-ate herself, she might lie down for a snooze ; in which case, thought I, I may, by good luck, be able to dose you with the same physic as caused your husband's death, my old beauty, and so make you pay interest on the meat you've robbed me of. If the worst comes to the worst, and you nose me out, why, I must fight it out. So I took out my Jack-knife and stuck it handily just between my near foreleg and skin, and then feeling for my sail-making needle and a bit of twine, as well as I was able with my clumsy bear-paw gloves on, I fine-drawed the rents in the hide, leaving only space enough to put my hand out.

‘ Well, gentlemen, I had bare time for completing these little arrangements, when the crunching noise ceased, and I heard the great she-bear wheezing and panting as she struggled on to her legs. “ Now it’s coming ! ” said I to myself, “ good luck or bad luck, now it’s coming ! ”

‘ But it didn’t come in a hurry. For at least a minute the brute did nothing but yawn and grumble, as though unable to make up her mind to lie down again or be off. When all at once I heard a sort of sniffing of suspicion, and then her voice growling in a whisper—

‘ “ Well, it’s very singular ! Surely it can’t be, but there is certainly a. curiously strong scent of shipwrecked man about here ! Sniff ! sniff ! it is the first time, if my nose deceives me. Heu-ugh ! I can almost taste it at the tip of my tongue ! ”

‘ It is all over with me, I thought ; her suspicions are roused, and she will be sure to scent me out presently ! And with that I involuntarily uttered what under other circumstances would have been a groan, but which now, to my terror and dismay, took the sound of a prolonged and melancholy roar.

‘ I might have foreseen what would happen. In an instant my roar was replied to by one fifty times louder, and, looking up through my skylight, there I could dimly make out the shaggy head and shoulders of a bear with two eyes in its head glowing like two red-hot bullets. For a moment she seemed puzzled at the lid of my box, but then she gave it a smash with her paw that sent it clattering about my ears. I resolved to defend my life to the last, and put down my fore-paw to fetch out my knife.

Luckily, however, for me, I could not get at it readily, for while I was still endeavouring to force my paw through the little slit, to my pleasant surprise she exclaimed, "La, what a turn you gave me! I thought, to be sure, that it was my old Grim, and that he had met with an accident. Who are you, you ugly little wretch? Where do you come from? What part of the island did you stray from?"

'I saw at once that the ignorant animal mistook me for one of her own species, and it suddenly occurred to me that I couldn't do better than make the most of my chance. Thinks I, I'll try how flattery will go down with the old brute. So putting on as meek a muzzle as I could, I replied,—

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but if you mean from what part of that island yonder did I come, I must tell you from no part of it at all. I am a most unfortunate little beast, ma'am, I assure you, and I pray you not to hurt me; I am sure you would not, if you only knew what I have suffered!"

"Oh, granny!" exclaimed the old bear, "I daresay that you are like the rest of the cubs, the discontented little wretches, that don't know when they've got a good home."

"A good home!" said I,—spinning out the palaver as long as I could, you'll understand, gentlemen, so that I might invent answers to the questions I knew she would presently be asking me,—“Do I look like a bear that ever had a good home? See here, ma'am, how thin I am!” And as I spoke I took up a good pawful of the bagginess of my bear-skin and shook it loosely. There was something in my manner of doing this that tickled

the old bear immensely, for she broke out into a roar of laughter that shook her fat sides.

“Well, of all the scarecrows that I ever did see! why, you are as thin as you are ugly, you little wretch!” she exclaimed. “Jump out and let us see what you are made of.”

“I will if I can, ma’am, but you must know that I got a hurt to my hind leg when I fell into this hole, and I’m afraid that I shall find jumping awkward work for some time to come.” I needn’t explain to you, gentlemen, that although it went against my grain to tell even a bear a falsehood, it was necessary to account somehow for my unbearish way of scrambling out of the pit. However, I managed it pretty well, and though when I stood on all-fours before her she began to laugh again, and to exclaim that of all the uncouth little animals she had ever set eyes on, to be sure I was the ugliest, she didn’t have the least suspicion of the true state of the case.

“Alas, ma’am!” said I; “you may well call me ugly, that is what everybody has been saying of me since the unlucky day that I was born. It was that misfortune that caused me to leave my home and my native land. I can never be happy here, I said to myself; there is not another bear here that is as ugly as I am, and the older I grow the uglier I become,—I’ll get away from this. The very first iceberg that touches here I’ll mount it, and go just wherever it may carry me. Perhaps it may carry me to some island where the bears are uglier than in this place, and where I may pass muster. But, alas! here I am, as one may say, out of the frying-pan and into the fire!”

“ Well, if you haven’t got anything else, you’ve got a pretty tongue of your own, you little monkey you !” observed the old fright ; “ and what do you mean, pray, by jumping out of the thingum-bob into the what-d’ye-call-it ?” As was natural to suppose, gentlemen, neither frying-pans nor fires were known in them parts, and I was foolish to have mentioned ’em. However, when one gets into the sort of predicament I found myself, it isn’t easy to weigh your words or shape your sentences.’

‘ It certainly is not, Thomas,’ remarked the corporal of the attentive marines ; ‘ nevertheless it gives us great pleasure to hear your simple and candid acknowledgment of your mistakes. I need not tell you, Mr. Lynes, how far such disingenuousness goes towards stamping your narrative with the seal of truth.’

“ What do ye mean by jumping out of the thingum-bob into the what-ye-call-it ?” continued Tom, acknowledging the corporal’s compliment by a gracious wave of his hand, and a smile indicative of his modest consciousness that it was not entirely undeserved.

“ Oh, don’t ask me what I mean, ma’am,” said I. “ Look about you. How can you regard the reflection of your lovely face (the ice was as clear as a looking-glass), and ask me what I mean ? Please, ma’am, would you be so good as to tell me if all the bears on the island yonder are as beautiful as yourself ? because if so, I am worse off than ever.” I made a pretence to weep, rubbing my eyes with my paw.

‘ This last shot told with wonderful effect. The vain old



MRS. GRIMBLE TAKES MY ARM.

Page 41.

put on a finikin look, and, pursing up her lips to hide her worn-out yellow grinders, replied,—

“What a pleasant little bear, to be sure! What a shame to despise a creature because he doesn’t happen to have as fine a shape or as sleek a coat as his neighbours! No, you poor, little, unlucky thing! I can’t say that all the bears on the island are as—well—as genteel-looking as I am; but, as a body, I think I may venture to assert that they will bear comparison with those of any other island. But don’t let that trouble you. You come along with me, and I’ll take care that nobody hurts you. It shall not be said that an animal of your sense, and an orphan too, went friendless, while the she-bear Grimble had a shelter to offer it.”

‘I needn’t tell you, gentlemen, that this invitation was more than I had bargained for; but it would never do to decline; so I put the best face on the matter I could, and trotted on all-fours by her side, taking care to keep just a little in the rear. It was awful work: and the worst of it was,—the ice being transparent, as I before observed,—as I floundered along, with my nose to the ground and my starn in the air, I could plainly enough see the precious queer figure I cut; and it was as much as I could do to keep from laughing outright. I don’t think that I could have kept from it had it not been for the terrible funk I was in lest the stitches I had made to draw together that slit in my side should give way, and expose my blue Guernsey underneath: once, indeed, I felt so sure that the twine was yielding, that I stopped short, afraid to go another step.

“What’s the matter?” asked the she-bear, stopping too.

“Nothing, ma’am,” I replied, finding, to my great relief, that the twine held fast; “nothing, ma’am, but a stitch in my side.”

“It’s rheumatism, that’s what it is,” said she. “I’ve had a touch of it myself ever since that thoughtless old Grimble came home out of the rain and lay down by me in his wet coat.”

“However he could have found the heart to do it I can’t make out, ma’am!” said I. “I’m sure that I couldn’t have done it!”

“You! No; nor no other bear with a proper feeling for our sex. You’ve no idea, youngster, what I have to put up with from him. But it’s all my own fault. What did a young thing like I am want to take up with a gruffy old hunk old enough to be my grandfather?”

“You must have done it out of compassion, I should think, ma’am,” said I; for, as you must see, gentlemen, it was my interest, now things had come to this pass, to hold in with the backbiting old brute.

“I did it because I was a giddy little stupid that didn’t know when she was well off,” replied Mrs. Grimble. “I’m tired and sick of it. There he sits, from morning till night, grumping in a corner, sucking his paw, and pleased with nothing that’s done for him. Only a month ago, for instance, a ship went to bits just off here, and, coming down to see what might be picked up, I found as plump a little cabin-boy as ever a bear could wish to stick his teeth in. If I hadn’t been a fool, I should have picked it for my supper, and said nothing about it; but greediness is not in my nature; so I carried it home and laid it before him, think-

ing, to be sure, that now I should get a pleasant word from him. But I soon found out my mistake. 'What do you call this?' he growled, turning it over contemptuously. 'Why, a nice, tender little cabin-boy, Grim dear,' said I; 'isn't it a picture?' 'I wish it was a picture,' snarled the discontented old beggar, 'and then a bear might feel his teeth going into it. I hate cabin-boys; they're softer eatin' even than lady passengers, and only fit for a bear without a tooth in his head. Give me a tough old sailor, with plenty of gristle in him!'"

"It is a wonder, ma'am, considering all that you have to put up with, that you still look so spry and blooming," said I.

'At this she pulled up short, and gave me a look I couldn't altogether make out. "What are looks?" said she, in a quivering voice; "it is the heart, my young bear—the heart that feels it," and then she pressed her right fore-paw to her bosom and burst into tears.

'It may seem foolish, and p'raps sentimental, which is worse, but hang me if I could ever stand to see a female in tears, even though that female was only a bear. "Come, come, don't take on like that, ma'am," said I; "since the party we are speaking of is not worth piping your eye after, see what a waste of precious tears it is to shed them on his account! Besides which, you'll only make them lovely eyes of yours all swelled and red; come, come, do leave off, that's a good creature."

'Barely had I got the words out of my mouth when she turned, and making a rush at me, hauled me over as clean as a nine-pin, and for a moment I wasn't sure whether this was

another outburst of affection, or whether her silly eyes had been suddenly opened to the fact that I was gammoning her, and she had now turned spiteful. But I was soon convinced which way the wind blew. Almost as quickly as she had knocked me down,



she hauled me up again, right up on to my hind-legs, as I may say, and which was quite a relief after such a long bout at all-fours; and throwing her paws about my neck, gave me such a hugging as nearly throttled me. "Alas!" said she; "how happy *I might* have been! Oh, why did you come here!—why did

you come here, opening my eyes; what a happy bear I might have been if—if—"

"If what, ma'am?" I asked, at the same time loosing her grip a bit.

"If I had met with a bear with a heart—o-o-o-oh! it is the heart; that is the thing! I could love a bear with a heart even if he was ten times uglier even than you are." And with this she gave me another hug even harder than the first.

"Well, well, ma'am, anyhow it is too late to talk about that sort of thing now," said I; "if you were single, it would be different, you see, but as it is—"

“ Well, as it is, what then ? ” and the old vixen looked spiteful.

“ Why, I don’t see what can be done, that ’s all, ma’am.”

“ Then it is lucky for both of us that I am older, just a little older than you are, and wiser,” replied she. “ *I* see what may be done, if you have only got pluck enough to try it. I am about a match for the old hunks myself. With your assistance, I ’d warrant to make short work of him. Don’t let us have any more words about it. Come along ; do as I ask you, and my heart and cave are yours.”

‘ Now this was rather a fix. Of course to accept the old brute’s offer was quite out of the question ; and yet, how was I to get out of the scrape ? As you all know, gentlemen, to refuse a woman’s love is a ticklish matter, but what might it turn out to reject that of a she-bear ! And all this while, you will please recollect, she was hanging round my neck and nearly choking me. There was nothing left but to argufy the matter with her.

“ Now look here, ma’am,” said I, wriggling out of her affectionate embrace as gently as I could ; “ you are not only a bear of beauty, but, what is better, you are a bear of sense ; and I feel on that account the more proud and honoured at your offer. But I can’t by any manner of means give you what I haven’t got, can I ? ”

“ I don’t ask it ; I am not so unreasonable,” said she.

“ You don’t ask it knowingly, Mrs. Grimble, that I allow,” I replied, “ still you *do* ask it. What you want me to give you is my heart and paw. Here’s my paw, it is at your service, as it

is at the service of any female ; but as to my heart, it isn't mine to give, unless I give it twice over, which would be polly-gamey you know, marm."

" " Oh, indeed ! " replied she, her eyes growing green with jealousy, and her thick lips curling scornfully, and exposing her jagged grinders ; " you seem to have the gift of the gab remarkably perfect for so young a whelp as you are ; and pray, what might polly-gamey mean ? "

" " Something much more awful than you might think, if you never heard of it before, ma'am. "

" " Is it more awful than being chawed up, body and bones ? " and she made an unpleasant champing with her jaws as she asked the question.

" " It's as bad, ma'am ; it's certainly quite as bad as being chawed up ; it means having two wives. Besides, it's breaking the law, and transportation to Botany Bay if they catch you at it. "

" " Humph ! And pray where did you learn all your crack-jaw talk, you precious ugly stuck-up little cub ? "

" I observed by the sudden change in her countenance that she was growing suspicious, so I replied respectfully,—

" " Well, ma'am, if you had travelled in foreign parts as I have, you would have learnt all I know, and I'll be bound a great deal more. Bless you ! I've travelled in the most outlandish places. I've been in that country where live these strange two-legged creatures you sometimes find drowned on the shore here. In fact I know their language as well as I know my

own almost ; besides which, I've learnt their ways of singing and dancing."

" " I've heard 'em sing, and a very pleasant sound it is," replied the old monster, smacking her lips at the mere remembrance ; " I don't know a nicer sound than that of the two-legged ones singing ; I'm sure I've listened to 'em till my mouth has watered to get at 'em."

" " I beg your pardon, ma'am," said I, " but where might you have heard the two-legged ones singing ?"

" " Where ? why, just about here, and sometimes on the other side of the island, when their ships get wedged amongst the ice, when the great ice-hills slam together and crack up their foolish wooden houses, as easily as I could crack their ribs with a kick of my foot. My eyes ! you should hear 'em sing then as they swarm up the ropes, all piping up together in different voices ! That's the fun, ain't it, what's your name ? You hardly get time to whet your grinders before the music is all over, and then are the singers bundled on to the shore by the great waves, with not so much as a squeak left in 'em. Sing me that tune, that's a good fellow !"

" " I'm very sorry I can't oblige you, ma'am," said I, finding it hard work to speak civil to the terrible beast, " but the tune you mention is one I never learnt throughly. I have come pretty nigh to learning it" (as indeed I had, gentlemen, though it wasn't worth my while to explain to the she-bear), " but somehow or the other something has popped in the way just in time to spoil it. But if you don't object, I am free to sing

you some other tune ; what do you say to ‘ The Death of Nelson ? ’ ”

“ Oh, that will do ; so long as it’s the death of somebody, it’s sure to be worth listening to.”

‘ So I struck up, and it was just as I expected that it would be. Bearing in mind what Shakespeare says about music having charms to soothe the savage beast, I thought I could not do better than try her with something sentimental. I think you will bear me out, gentlemen, that if there *is* a cutting song in the British language, that song is “ The Death of Nelson.” Even her cast-iron heart was not tough enough to withstand it ; and I scarcely had got as far as the second verse when I observed the tears trickling down her nose, and by the time I reached the end of the third verse, when she actually tried to join in the chorus.’

‘ I beg your pardon, Mr. Lynes,’ here interrupted the corporal, ‘ but how do you account for the bear being able to join in the chorus, when she did not know the language in which “ The Death of Nelson ” is written ? ’

‘ But you forget that at the end of the second verse the brute was so delighted at the music that she begged of me to put the chorus in bear language, so that—’

‘ You never told us a word of that before,’ interrupted the corporal.

‘ Didn’t I ? Well, I should have done, since it is quite as true as the rest of the story. And I am very much obliged to you, gentlemen, for setting me right ; not only because I hate sloven-

liness in yarn-spinning, as in every other occupation of a man's life, but because it convinces me that you follow the thread of my narrative with the attention it deserves. However, to proceed. When I had finished "The Death of Nelson," she begged me to sing another of the same sort, if I happened to know one.

"Lor' bless you, ma'am," said I, "I know scores of 'em ; but if you'd like another, I think, if I were you, I should try something comic this time ; you don't seem equal to any more sentiment." But no ; she wouldn't be put off ; she would have another sentimental song ; so I up and gave her "Black-eyed Susan," translating it into Bearish as I went on. The effect was marvellous ; and a happiness it would have been for Tommy Dibdin, who invented that beautiful song, to have witnessed the touching spectacle. I could scarcely hear my own voice for her sobs, and was obliged to sing the last verse twice over with her paws round my neck and her head on my breast. Then, to revive her spirits a bit, I sang her "Jack Robinson," and, as well as my tight-fitting rig would permit, went through the same named hornpipe ; which, as you may suppose, dried her tears, and set her laughing almost as heartily as she had just before cried.

' Presently, however, she suddenly left off laughing, and became very serious, and putting her right paw to her chin, went into the brownest study even a brown bear ever went into. For full two minutes she did not utter a sound, till at last I grew uneasy, and asked her what she was thinking about.

"I was thinking how nice it would be to live amongst those

two-legged animals who sing and dance so lovely. I tell you what, if I knew my way there, I 'm blowed if I wouldn't go."

" "You 'd be more than blowed if you did go, ma'am," I replied.

" "What do you mean ? "

" "Why, that it would be your death before you had been in their country a week. You 'll excuse me saying so, ma'am, but these two-legged things on their own island, and when they are all of a mind, and conspire together, think no more of the life of a bear than of a flake of snow."

" "I 'd like to see the two-legged wretch that would dare lay a hand on me," said she, grinning till she showed her teeth.

" "That would be the very first sight you would be gratified with if you ventured into their country, Mrs. Grimble. Bless you, you 've no idea what a ferocious lot of chaps they are. They 'd have you by the heels and cut your throat, and strip your coat from your back to make 'em a jacket to keep their thin carcasses warm in a jiffy."

" "Would they though ?" sneered the old brute.

" "They 'd do worse than that, ma'am ; they 'd carve up your body and dry your legs in smoke, and they 'd stew every bit of fat out of your body and store it up in little pots."

" "What ! to eat ?"

" "No ; to rub into the hair on their heads till it shines so that you may see your face in it."

" "Gammon !" said she.

" "Not at all, ma'am," said I. "Why I know a shop on their

island where every day you may see a bill in the window with the announcement that another fine bear has just been shot, and the window is stocked full of those little jars I just mentioned all full of bears' grease."

"The vain scarecrows!" cried the old bear, laughing; "the next time I find a man I'll try the effect of his fat on three or four bald places I have. But how did it happen," continued she, suddenly turning on me with her pink eyes full of suspicion, "how did it happen that when they caught you there they didn't murder you and boil you down and rub your fat into their hair?"

"This rather staggered me, and had not my bear-skin effectually concealed my countenance, I have no doubt my looks of confusion would have bowled me out. There, gentlemen, you see the folly of lying. It is, as I always say, a man may as well try to fly without wings, or keep a firm footing on ice, as attempt to make good foothold on a lie. However, I was in for it, and it was no use trying to back out.

"That's easily enough explained, ma'am," said I. "In the first place, and as your own eyes may witness, there isn't much fat about me. I don't suppose they would have got a gallipot full out of my carcase if they had stewed me till a blue moon. Then, again, there is a sort of bear amongst these two-legged ones more valuable than bears for stewing, and they are dancing bears. You see, ma'am, it is only those animals who, like myself, are constitutionally thin that can ever be taught to dance gracefully, and when they find one of his kind they make the most of him."

““ And do you mean to tell me,” asked the old bear with much disgust, “ that you were mean little wretch enough to go dancing for the amusement of those two-legged things?”

““ It isn’t likely, ma’am, that I would so demean myself and my relatives by volunteering to dance for ’em,” said I, “ but I was compelled to it you see, ma’am ; a poor little starve-gutted mite such as I was did not have so much chance of resistance as a great handsome creature such as you are ; and when I found myself with a chain round my neck, and a great club laying on to my ribs, it was no wonder I took to dancing ; and when they discovered that I could dance it was all over with me. I had no chance of getting anything to eat except what they gave me, so it was either dancing or starving, you see.”

““ Do they catch lions as well, and make them dance ?” asked she after some little reflection.

““ I never heard that they did, ma’am,” said I.

““ Of course they don’t. They haven’t the pluck to tackle a lion. I might have known that before I asked. I wish somebody had the pluck to tackle ’em, they are a great trouble to us.”

““ Lions a trouble to you, ma’am ! D’ ye mean to say that there are lions on this island ?”

““ I wish I could say there were not,” replied she, wagging her head seriously. “ Why, if they knew that my old Grimble was away from home, and not likely to come back, they’d walk into my place and carry off my little Goggle before my eyes. You’ve no idea what monsters they are.”

‘ As you may easily imagine, gentlemen, this was not pleasant

news for me. It might be all very well to bamboozle a thick-headed brute such as a bear is ; but I might find a difference with an intelligent animal like the lion ; and I began to wish myself back on the iceberg. However, it was no use showing the white feather now.

“ “ There you are mistaken, ma’am,” said I. “ I have a pretty considerable idea of what sort of monsters they are. As I before told you, I never saw ’em dancing in the two-legged country, but I’ve seen ’em shown in cages for a penny. Monsters indeed ! there is more brag than pluck in ’em. They are more easily circumwented than you suppose. I’m blow’d if I’d stand nice about circumwenting one myself if I found myself hard pushed.”

“ “ There is more brag than pluck in some animals, I believe,” replied the old bear sneeringly. “ It’s one thing to circumwent a lion, and quite another thing to kill him, I’ll be bound.”

“ “ Begging your pardon, ma’am, it is just the same thing ; in fact, when I use the word circumwent, I mean kill.”

“ “ Do think you could circumwent four of ’em ? ” she asked eagerly.

“ “ One done the other come on, I think I could,—at least, I would try.”

“ “ Can I believe my ears ! ” exclaimed the astonished brute. “ A little skinny thing like you, offering to do what no half-dozen of the biggest and strongest amongst us would dare even whisper of.”

“ “ It would come as hard to me as to them, Mrs. Grimble,”

said I ; “ but you must recollect, ma’am, that I have travelled, and made myself master of dodges of which you have no idea.”

‘ I suppose—though gracious only knows how I managed it—that I spoke in a tone of confidence that convinced her more than my words ; for suddenly, clapping paws with me—

“ I believe you,” said she. “ Come along with me, and I will put you in the way of ridding us of our enemies, the four great lions ! ”

‘ Good Lord ! Mr. Lynes ! didn’t you feel terribly funky when it came to that ? ’ asked the corporal.

‘ Well, I can’t say that I did,’ replied Tom. ‘ You see, gentlemen, that the bit of pluck I had in me was screwed up to its tightest, and though I say it that shouldn’t, when it’s worked up to that condition it isn’t a little that can shake it. Not but that it was enough to make a man funk—I knew no more about lions than about astronomy. “ Come along,” said she, stepping it out, and addressing me over her shoulder ; “ you only do what you promise, and you’ll find it the luckiest day of your life when you set foot on this island. There is no reward you can ask that will be refused you, that I’ll answer for. You may be king if you like ; and there isn’t a bear of the nation but will be proud to fight for you and hunt for you till the end of your days.”

‘ Nothing more was said between us as we trudged along the road, until we had gone about half a mile, where we met a batch of bears, old and young, coming towards us. As I expected, my extraordinary appearance created no small amount of sensation amongst them, but especially amongst the younger and

more impudent of the cubs, who came crowding round me and pulling me about in a manner that caused me no little alarm, lest they should presently make a discovery. Curiously like boys in their chaff, these young bears were—"Oh! here's a rum-looking bear!" "There's a set of legs!" "Come and see the funny thing old mother Grimble has brought for Goggle to play with!"

"Be quiet, you saucy little villains! you will be made to laugh the other side of your mouth else," cried Mrs. Grimble, as she fetched the foremost of the cubs a clout on the side of his head that sent him reeling. "Funny thing as you call him, you'll all be for going down on your knees and thanking him when you learn what brings him here."

"And what does bring him here, Granny?" asked a great black bear with a tremendous pair of whiskers, and a fore-paw that might have floored a bull at a blow.

'So she called the black bear aside and whispered in his ear, whereon he uttered a loud growl of surprise and incredulity, and whispered what Mrs. Grimble had told him to another bear who was old and growing grey, and when he heard the news he winked one of his eyes and laid his paw on his nose.

"Tell that story to the mar-mermaids," said he. "He slay the lions! He p'raps may slay one of them, the one that ventures to eat him, for he will certainly choke over a meal of such skin and bones."

"But it isn't in a common way that he means to kill 'em," said Mrs. Grimble; "he has been to foreign parts, and has

learnt how to—to—. What is it you have learnt to do with 'em?"

"To circumvent them, ma'am," I replied, bold as brass, for somehow the sneering tone of that grey-whiskered old monster had riled me; "to slay 'em, one done the other come on, provided I'm given fair play and any such assistance as I may require of you. It's no enviable job; if you don't choose to believe me you can do the t'other thing, and I can go away as I came with nothing owing and nothing to thank you for."

"And pray what is your name, Mr. Lion-Killer?" asked the grey bear. "Is it lame of a leg, so that it can't travel, and that is the reason why, although it is so famous, it has never reached us?"

"It is a good name enough," said I, "and one I will stand or fall by. My name is Fidlum," which I must tell you, gentlemen, is as close as my name may be approached in the Bearish tongue.

When it came to this the black bear winked at the grey bear, and they withdrew to a little distance, Mrs. Grimble going with them; and in the course of their confab, as I could make out from her queer antics, she was endeavouring to explain to them my gift of singing and dancing. This caused them to regard me with more respect, and in about five minutes they came back to the mob that surrounded me, and on the grey bear rearing himself on his hind-legs and raising his paw, every bear was at once silent.

"Fellow-bears, friends all, and enemies of the four lions,



THE MOB SURROUNDED ME.

Page 56.

the pest of our island," said he; and I was so struck with his speech that the words of it will stick in my memory till my dying day. "Look on this stranger that has come amongst us, and while you *do* look on him, bear in mind the good old maxim, That the best of crafts sails sometimes under the raggedest flag. The name of our new acquaintance is Fidlum, and from what I can learn of him, and what I believe, he is a spanking craft. And why do I think so? I'll tell you why. He doesn't come cruising here in fair weather; he comes to us when our vessel—our island that is—is in sore distress, and threatened fore and aft by these sanguinary pirates, the lions. He comes sailing in at such a time to our assistance, and offering single-handed to bring the four noses of our enemies to the grindstone, or to perish in the attempt. Let us give him three roars."

'I think I never did, except it was at a Spithead review, hear such tremendous cheering as followed the grey bear's generous speech. But scarcely had the echo of the last cheer died away when there was heard such a thundering roar, that, compared with it, that which was heard just before was a mere whisper through a keyhole, as one may say. Its effect on the animals present was very singular. Their tails, just now wagging in joyful anticipation, fell dead as plummets, and the brown and black bears turned ash-coloured, as does a nigger when very much horrified; while even the grey one, though evidently least alarmed of any, turned of a bluish cast. As for the little bears, if they were not frightened out of their skins, they were fairly frightened in 'em, and their fur suddenly stuck as bolt upright

as though every hair of it was turned into a tenpenny nail, and they ran whining and shaking to their mothers' sides.

'For a moment all was silent, and then a wailing growl rent the air, filling everybody with renewed horror. It was Mrs. Grimble that uttered the wailing growl, and no wonder.

"Oh, look! look!" roared she in anguish, directing her nose southerly, and wringing her paws in a distracted manner; "there they go, there run the murderers and thieves—the daylight robbers! and, oh-o-o-h-h-h, they carry with them my cub, my only one, my darling Goggle."

'Ahem! ahem!' the tender-hearted corporal interrupted at this point, while the majority of Mr. Lynes's audience exhibited suspiciously moist eyes, 'and was it so, Thomas? had they stolen the poor thing's cub?'

'They had indeed, sir, as true as we stood there gazing after it,' replied Mr. Lynes, with emotion. 'Naturally we looked in the direction the bereaved parent pointed, and there we saw them—two of them, one black as jet, and the other tawny, and both big as bull-bisons, sporting over the snow towards that part of the island where they lived; the tawny monster carrying in his jaws, as easy as a mastiff would a penny bundle of tripe, Goggle, Mrs. Grimble's cub, and the other one looking round at us, and whisking his tail, and flinging up his hind legs in derision.

'I very much doubt, gentlemen, if any bear of the company felt more alarm than I did, as I got a sight of the terrible animals I had pledged myself to destroy. If ever I repented of

a bargain, it was at that moment, I assure you. My knowledge of the lion tribe was not very extensive at that time ; indeed, if I recollect rightly, I had only once before seen one, and that was at Bart'lemy fair ; getting rayther old that one was, and would let the people scratch his poll if they gave him a biscuit. To be sure I reckoned on 'em being something harder to tackle in a savage state than that one, but, la bless you ! I no more counted on having such customers as those to face than on being able to fly in the air ; and when I saw those two huge trampling fellows with their tails lashing, their shaggy manes brushing the snow, and their eyes glowing like cabin lamps, my heart sank into my shoes, or at least it would have done so if I had had shoes on. Thought I to myself, " If those lions and their two mates are destined to exist till I kill 'em, they are likely to live to be tolerably old."

' My reflections, however, were speedily interrupted ; for while the two lions were still in sight, Mrs. Grimble fell on her knees before me, and implored me to pursue the bloodthirsty thieves that instant, and rescue her darling from their jaws.

" After them, brave Fidlum !" she exclaimed ; " prove yourself a lion-slayer ! Let these hungry monsters know that their career is at end ! Come along, Fidlum ! I will go with you."

" Ah, do ! ah, do ! ah, do !" roared all the other bears in a heart-rending chorus, as they wrung their paws entreatingly.


' Matters were growing desperate, and I began to think that it was all over with me. But two courses seemed open to me, one being to run after the lions as entreated, and throw myself

into their jaws, and the other to up and confess myself a man and an impostor, and straightway be torn in pieces and devoured by the enraged bears. Before, however, I adopted either course, I thought it might be worth while to palaver 'em a bit.

“Bears all, and Mrs. Grumble in particular,” says I, in their own language of course, “I’m very sorry, as sorry as its own mother almost ; but the cub has gone, and there is no getting it back again. I don’t object to running a risk within an inch, or within half an inch, for that matter, of my life to serve you, but you’ll excuse me if I insist on sticking to that half-inch, and sure as eggs are eggs, I should lose it if I went after the lions just now. As you must suppose, a bear of my size and weight must be up to a thing or two before he can think of attempting a thing that the biggest and bravest amongst you flinches from. Fact it can’t be done at all without a charm, and that charm cannot be prepared under two days, if I work ever so hard at it. Please to recollect it isn’t as though I came here looking after a job at lion-slaying, and saying to you, ‘Here I am, all ready, show me the lions ;’ you catch me all at a non-plush, in a manner of speaking, and I am sure you won’t begrudge me time enough to make ready to do my work properly.”

“Hear, hear !” remarked the big black bear ; “Rome wasn’t built in a day. Let us give our shipmate—leastwise our friend here—the time he asks.”

‘But egged on by the impatient Mrs. Grumble, they began to murmur, and to whisper amongst themselves, and wag their heads.



“A lion-slayer is one who slays lions, not one that talks about it,” said they.

“Pray, how are you going to kill them, mighty Fidlum!” exclaimed the old she-bear, who seemed quite against me; “are you going to dance to them till they laugh so loud as to split their sides, or are you going to sing ‘The Death of Nelson’ to ‘em till they cry their eyes out, and you can get at ‘em with that wonderful charm of yours, without them seeing you coming?”

“What am I to understand from that observation ma’am?” said I.

“That you are a humbug,” replied Mrs. Grimble spitefully; “that you are nothing better than a cheat and a bragger; and know no more about lion-slaying than I know about clear-starching.”

At this owdacious speech of the old vixen the young female bears present giggled, and the young males haw-hawed. Even the old animals began to look grave, while my friend the black bear twiddled his whiskers, and said a few words in a whisper, and behind his paw, to the grey bear, who replied, “Well, that was my opinion at first, as you are well aware.” It was easy to perceive that unless I backed water a bit, nothing would save me from becoming a total wreck. All of a sudden, a bright idea passed into my head.

“Ma’am,” said I, addressing Mrs. Grimble, loud enough for all the others to hear, “I don’t wish to say an uncivil thing to a lady, but if you take my advice, you won’t let the slack of your tongue run quite so free about matters you don’t understand. Pray, now, what might you know about charms?”

‘ “ Just as much as you, and that’s nothing at all.”

“ “ I should like to convince you to the contrary,” said I. “ Will you be good enough to step over here, and let me whisper in your ear for a moment.”

‘ Without the least hesitation, she did as I asked her, and I took care to place myself behind her so that my movements might be as much as possible concealed from the others.

“ “ Did you ever happen to hear tell of a charm called fire ?” said I, pretending to whisper, but still speaking loud enough to make what I said quite audible to the rest of my audience.

“ “ A charm called fiddlesticks !” replied she ; “ it’s no use your trying to come over me, my little friend, I’m much too old a bear to be caught with bran.”

‘ Now all the while she was speaking, I was making my preparations towards showing her my charm. You will no doubt recollect, gentlemen, that in the earlier part of my narrative, I spoke of certain lucifer matches that in a larcenous manner, and one of which I am ashamed, I provided myself with out of the box that stood in the cabin of the ill-fated “ Longbow.” For the sake of dryness, I had placed them in my trousers’ pocket, so that, as luck would have it, they were easy enough to get at, by inserting my fingers in at the little slit at the side of my skin. I took one out only, not wishing to be wasteful. As you are so attentive, gentlemen, and have such excellent memories, you may likewise remember that Mrs. Grimble made allusion to two or three bald places in her hide—’

‘ To be sure,’ interrupted the corporal, ‘ those places to

which she proposed to apply man-fat, the first time she found opportunity.'

'Quite right, sir; well it happened that one of those bald places was just above Mrs. Grimble's tail, a shiny black place it was, as large as the top of a pint-pot, and rough as a nutmeg grater. Nothing could be better for my purpose.'

"You won't be alarmed at the power of the charm, ma'am," said I, as I manœuvred to raise my right paw unseen as high as her back. "It may hurt you just a little, but you won't mind that, will you?"

"Do you hear him?" called out the malicious brute. "Are you convinced now of what an impostor he is? He is trying to frighten me from his precious charm by telling me how much it will hurt me! Hurt me, indeed! If we don't hurt him, the cheat! more than he can hurt me with his charms and rubbish—O-o-o-o-o-h-hoh!"

'You should have heard her, gentlemen! You should have seen her, with her tail, which was dry as tow, blazing up like a turpentine stick! You should have seen and heard all the bearish crew as they beheld the wondrous sight! how they stared and skipped about, and yelled and implored me to take the charm off Mrs. Grimble, who was running round and round like a ca't'n wheel, roaring all the while at the top of her voice.

"I can't take off the charm while she keeps running round," said I; "make her sit down quiet for a moment, and I'll take the charm off her at once." So the black bear went up to her, and presently, with a little coaxing, induced her to sit down on


the snow, when, naturally, the blaze was dowsed at once, and the "shallalah" I uttered three times might as well have been unsaid as said. However, knowing nothing of fire, and what will extinguish it, they thought, to be sure, that it was the magic word that had removed the charm, and accordingly regarded me with great wonder and awe. As for poor Mrs. Grimble, being above all things loth to lay myself open to the suspicion of exaggeration, I won't attempt to describe her crest-fallen look, as she still squatted on the comforting snow, looking rueful about her.

' "It is all over now, Granny," said the black bear; "you may get up."

' "All off, you mean," replied the victim, with a doleful sigh. "I don't believe there's so much as an inch of it left."

' But at last they lifted her on to her legs; and when they discovered that, excepting that it was singed as bare as a horse-radish, the old brute's tail was all right, they set up such a shout of laughter as must have considerably astonished the lions if they were within hearing; so that there was nothing for her to do but take to her heels and make the best of her way to her den.

' After this, as you may depend, there was no longer any doubt as to my ability as a charm-worker. Approaching me on three legs, and with their right paws extended, the grey and black bears, who seemed to be in authority over the others, came up to me, and, after embracing me in a manner more cordial than pleasant, apologized for any seeming inhospitality on their part, and excusing themselves on the ground that it was hard indeed



to believe that a fellow-creature could possess such marvellous power as that I had displayed.

“As to your promise concerning our enemies, the lions,” continued the black bear, “we shall only be too glad if you will keep it, and in your own way; and if we can be of any service in assisting you in making up your charm, you have only got to give your orders.”

“You are very good,” said I, “but it is altogether impossible that I can let you into the secret of the charm with which I hope to overcome your enemies,” and so it was, for that matter; for, as you may imagine, gentlemen, I had no more idea than the fishes in the sea how I should perform what I promised; “all I ask for is the space of ten days to make ready in, on the understanding that I shall not be interrupted during that time.”

‘So they agreed to this without a murmur; and then came the question as to where I should be lodged. As civil as could be, the old grey bear informed me that his was the largest and most convenient cave on the island, and that I was heartily welcome to share it with him and his family. But I respectfully declined his offer: I had seen enough of him to be convinced that he was a particularly shrewd and knowing animal, and one whose prying eyes would continually be upon me, which might not always be pleasant or safe.

“I am much obliged to you, my friend,” said I, “but one of your number has already offered me lodgings, and it is my intention to accept the invitation. I have made up my mind to put up at present with the Grimblees.”’

‘With the Grimble, Mr. Lynes!’ ejaculated the corporal of marines; ‘of course you know best, but, after what you’ll excuse me if I speak of as your unscrupulous treatment of that female, she would have been the very last party with whom I should have sought lodgings. Besides, was there not a chance of her husband being at home by this time, and would he not have been likely to resent the outrage you had put on his wife?’

‘Well, you see, sir, the shortest way of answering your string of objections will be to adopt the admission you made at starting ’em. As you say, I *did* know best. Although the other bears had been very much astonished at the exhibition of my charm of fire, it was only in reason, and according to the old proverb, that “nobody knows as well where the shoe pinches as those that wear it;” that Mrs. Grimble should be more impressed by it than anybody else. So long as her tail stump smarted, she would be unlikely to doubt the awful power that I held, and would be careful how she contradicted my wishes, or thwarted me in any way, lest I should set that fire-charm, or perhaps a worse one, at her again. As for her husband’s return, that wasn’t at all likely. That he warn’t on the island was certain, or without doubt he would have put in an appearance with the rest when they surrounded me; and if he remained skulking in some hole in the iceberg, he had no chance of returning, for by this time the great frozen mass was nearly out of sight. Added to these assurances was my steadfast conviction, that, with the exception of his coat on my own

back, not a vestige of papa Grimble remained on the face of the earth.

‘However, to get on with my story, which has spun out much longer than I imagined it would. The bears seemed as much astonished as you were, gentlemen, that I had resolved to go and lodge at Grimble’s; but finding that I was so bent, they made no objection, and as I said that the sooner I got at my charm, the better it would be for all parties, they did not press for my company any longer, but sent a little bear with me to show me the way to Grimble’s cave.

‘I was half prepared for some opposition on the part of little Goggle’s mother, and was agreeably surprised when she made me welcome, on my telling her that I meant to accept the offer she had made me in the morning, as far as taking up my abode in her house went. It was a shy sort of welcome that she gave me certainly, and there was considerably more of fear than friendliness in it, but it amounted to all I desired that it should amount to—there was the length and breadth of her cave at my disposal, provided I let her have just one corner to herself to sleep in.

‘“And as long as you don’t interfere with me, ma’am, I sha’n’t interfere with you,” said I.

‘“No fear!” said she, at the same time licking her tail stump with an expression it quite went to my heart to see. “All I ask of you, Fidlum, is, that if the charm you are going to make has fire in it” (she shivered from snout to tail as she uttered the terrible word), “that you will be good enough to mention it, so that I may be off and leave you to yourself;

for sooner than I'd face the frightful thing again, I'd sleep out o' doors till I was ate up with rheumatism."

'This was better and better, and not knowing how soon I might be glad to be quit of the old she's company, I informed her that I had not quite made up my mind which of the many charms I was master of I should put in force against the lions, but that she might rely on it that she should receive timely notice of my engaging on anything calculated to shock her nerves.

'It was not very dark in the cave, owing to two or three narrow and winding holes there were in the roof, and which let the light in. It was roomy enough, being, as well as I can carry its dimensions in my mind, about eight feet high in the centre, and five at the sides; for it was what might be called oven-roofed, and it was a good twelve feet wide and twenty long. The only furniture in the place consisted in a great bed of leaves and dried grass, and a sizable stone, against which, as she informed me, she cracked such marrow-bones as were too hard for her teeth.

'This was all of what might be called furniture, but the cave wouldn't have been empty if the bed and the big stone had been taken out of it. About the ground, and piled in odd corners, was an awful lot of bones, or it would be more proper to say a lot of awful bones; for although the light was dim, and they were much disguised in dirt and mildew, I could recognise amongst them many such as I carried beneath my bear-skin jacket. And, besides the bones, there were shreds and fragments of cloth and blue serge, such as sailors' Guernseys are made of, and the soles of three old shoes with the uppers all gnawed off,

as I suppose, by the little bear Goggle. Tied at the end of a long, straight bone, which, ignorant as I naturally was of anatomy, I at once made out to be a man's arm-bone, was a bo'sun's whistle all rusty and tooth-marked.

' When I saw these things my first sensation was a coldness and a curdling of my blood, which presently gave way before a fierce desire to have revenge on the blood-thirsty old brute in the cave with me, and who had no doubt assisted at picking the bones of many a shipwrecked mariner, including the unlucky bo'sun whose remains lay at my feet. I had my hand on my knife, indeed, and was fumbling open the blade of it, when there luckily came into my mind that well-known line, "For 'tis their nature to," which, as you are aware, occurs in Tom Dibdin's celebrated song called "Let Dogs delight," so I closed my knife again, and with a sigh pushed the unhappy bo'sun's arm-bone out of the path.

' Curled up nose and tail, Mrs. Grimble, with her back to me, took not the least notice, so that I was at liberty to examine the cave at my leisure. Presently, when my eyes grew more used to the gloom, I spied lying in a corner under a heap of bones and rags, with the point just peeping out, the sheath of a sword, and springing towards it and lugging it out, I discovered to my great delight that the weapon still rested in it—a long Spanish blade with a curiously carved handle all studded with sparkling jewels. My sudden exclamation of surprise and joy roused Mrs. Grimble, and she raised her head and looked towards me.

“ Ah!” said she, “ that’s what I used to give my poor little Goggle to gnaw to ease his suffering gums. You may see his tiny teeth marks in it still. It’s an odd sort of bone. There’s no meat on it ; it’s no good.”

“ Where did it come from ?” I asked.

“ It was dangling outside one of those two-legged animals I picked up one day after a wreck here. All manner of queer things we find at times hanging about the strange creatures. That stone there was tied to one of ’em.”

‘ The only stone I could see was the large one which she told me she used to crack marrow-bones on, and which weighed about a couple of hundred-weight. “ What! *this* stone, ma’am, d’ ye mean ?” I asked.

“ No, a smaller one than that, and smooth, and of a rummy shape. Where has it got to, I hope it isn’t lost, for it was another of my dear Goggle’s playthings. Ah! here it is. I recollect my old Grimble placed it under the straw as a pillow last night, because his head did not lie high enough he said.”

‘ And as the she-bear spoke she routed out the stone, and kicked it towards me. She was much nearer the truth than she could have imagined when she called it “ rummy” shaped. It was, indeed, nothing else than a half-gallon stone jar well stoppered, and with certain marks on the outside of it that convinced me that its contents—for I could tell from its weight that it was full to the bung—were rum. It was easy enough to guess how it had come there. Some unlucky ship such as ours had been in danger of being crushed when close to the shore, and a

boat had been launched with provisions, of which this rum was part, and very likely, knowing how precious it would prove in such a region of frost and ice, the man in charge had slung it round his body for safety, and the poor fellow being drowned and cast ashore with the rest, his body with the rum on it was carried home to the den where I discovered it.

‘That’s how I reckon up the matter, gentlemen, though it certainly is harder to account for the bottle remaining sound, after all the knocking about it must have received before I found it. There it was, however, right and tight, and a pretty little god-send I thought it, as you may imagine. It was a rash thing for me to do, but you will please bear in mind that I had been a puddling all-fours through the snow with nothing to eat since breakfast time. I turned my back to her for a moment, and prising out the bung with the point of my knife, raised the bottle and took a swig. Ah! it *was* rum! I have tasted rum since, a few times, rum that has come from abroad with the best of characters too, but it was no more to be compared with that rum, than biscuit is to be compared with soft tommy. No doubt, the many years it had lain in the cave had something to do with its magnificent flavour, for it was a very old-fashioned thick built bottle; which, I daresay, was the reason why it had kept whole. I took another swig, and the old she-bear caught me at it.’

“What are you doing, Fidlum?” she asked; “what are you sucking the stone for, it isn’t good to eat?”

“No, ma’am, but it is good to drink,” said I, smacking my lips as I corked up the jar again.’

“ Oh, lor !” says she with a whine, “ he’s at his charms again. Did any one ever before see a bear who could bite the hair off another bear’s tail with a pinch of moonshine, and drink stones !”

‘ The rum had put me in good humour. “ I’ll wager, ma’am,” said I, “ that you won’t complain so much of my second charm, if you will try it, as you did of my first ; just take a sniff at it.” And carrying the bottle over to her, I took out the bung, and held it under her nose.’

“ If it drinks as nice as it smells, I think I should like to taste it,” said she, licking her lips.

“ So you shall, old lady,” said I, and I gave the bottle into her paws. I thought, to be sure, seeing that the liquor was as new to her palate as the fire was to her tail, that she would just take a sip at it, and then be glad to put it down on account of its strength. But I was mistaken. True, she did taste a little drop at first, and



then smacking her lips, she took a tighter grip at the bottle, and throwing back her head, let it gurgle down her throat, like suds down a gully-hole.

“ That’ll do, ma’am !” said I, laying a paw on the bottle ; “ it’ll get into your head if you take any more of it.”



I GAVE MY ATTENTION TO THE SPANISH BLADE.

Page 77.

‘ “Will it!” exclaimed she, pausing for a moment. “I wish it would. I wish it would get all over me; o-o-oh, how good it is!” and she raised the jar again.

‘ “What I mean is, that, if you drink any more, it will get into your head, and burn the hair all off it, just as the other charm burnt it off your tail,” said I. It was an owdacious crammer to tell, I am aware, but just consider what was at stake! It had the desired effect.

‘ “Do you think there is any danger at present, Fidlum?” she asked, at once yielding up the bottle, and looking very much frightened.

‘ “I’m afraid,” said I, “that you have gone just a little too far; suppose you go out and walk about a bit, perhaps it will work off.”

‘ I wanted to get rid of her for an hour or so, so that I might have a snooze on the hay, for I had had no sleep to speak of since the night before last. She was willing enough to take my advice, and out she went; and first taking care to hide my rum bottle,—the old glutton had eased it of nearly a quart,—I made myself comfortable.

‘ But I had scarcely lost myself, as the saying is, when a strange sort of uproar outside roused me, and after lying and listening to it for some time, and being unable to make it out, I got up and went out to see what it meant. The discovery was soon made. At a distance of about two hundred yards from the cave, I spied a mob of young bears, chiefly surrounding an old bear, and roaring with fun at something the old bear was doing. I

could make it out to be a brown bear, but it was not until I approached quite closely that I recognised her. It was Mrs. Grimble, and drunk as a fiddler; her stump of a tail was cocked rakishly, the fur of her forehead was hanging over her eyes, and she was leaning against a bit of rock, being quite unable to stand on her legs. Had she retained her natural voice, I might have known her from that, for she raised it loud enough; but it was not the shrill voice of sober Mrs. Grimble, it was the thick maudlin voice of a tipsy bear, and she was endeavouring from memory to favour her audience with "Black-Eyed Susan." I need not tell you of the awful mess she made of it, not only from being all out in the tune, but from mixing up bits of "The Death of Nelson" and "Jack Robinson" with it in the most reckless manner. "There!" said she, just as I came up, "that's all I know of it, though there's a good bit more that I forget, but if you've no objection I will make it up in hornpipe!" And staggering away from the rock, against which she was leaning, she tried a step, and then stumbled forward, and rolled over on to her back, and there she lay. She wouldn't get up. She was awfully tipsy, I assure you, gentlemen; and though the young animals about her roared with laughter, and enjoyed the spectacle, it was more than I did, for you see I was in a kind of manner responsible for the disgraceful exhibition. She cried, she laughed, and then she grew pugnacious, and offered to fight the biggest bear on the island with one paw tied behind her. It was only when I went up to her, and whispered, that if she came along quietly, she should have some more

"charm," that she consented to be raised to her legs, and led home with my assistance and that of another bear, who was a distant relation of Mrs. Grimble. Once in the cave, she was safe enough, for after bewailing the loss of her Goggle and the absence of her husband for a short time, she fell asleep on her bed, and took to snoring at a rate that convinced me that there was no danger of her waking for some hours to come.

'It was by this time growing towards evening (there isn't much daylight in those far northern regions), and having a good many hours before me ere what might be called bed-time arrived, I thought that I might as well give my mind to the awful job I had undertaken—the subduing of the lions, for however much any other "charm" I might be able to perform might amuse and astonish the bears, I felt that it was to the successful working of the great charm of all that they were all anxiously looking.

'It was only natural to expect that, with the night, all the animals on the island would retire to rest; still there was a chance that one or two pryers might be abroad, and, to guard against them, I went outside and rolled in a few lumps of ice, and with these, and the great stone before mentioned, I blocked up the mouth of our cave. What I wanted now was a light. It was true I had eleven lucifer matches left, but if I lit them one after the other, their light would last no time worth speaking of. I could do nothing without a light, a lasting light, and one that I might use to do any little necessary job by. And now you see, gentlemen, how true it is that

necessity is the mother of invention! In the first place, I needed a lamp, there was one within a yard of me. Not the sort of lamp one would choose out of a hundred, and not one that a nervous or superstitious man would care to kindle a light in, but I was in no case to be fastidious. The lamp I mean was a skull lying amongst the other mortal relics on the ground, p'r'aps of a man, p'r'aps of a boy, but empty and dry as a bone could be. Then I wanted oil. Oil I had none, but my bear-skin jacket, as before mentioned, was thickly coated with fat, and it was no trouble to scrape enough off to fill my bone lamp with. Lastly, I wanted a wick. There was lots of bits of rag about, but they wouldn't burn without a start; and how did I give 'em a start? why, I tilted out a little of my old Jamaky, and sopped a rag in it, and laid it on the bear's fat, and set fire to it with a lucifer, and in an instant there was my lamp all alight, bright and proper. To be sure, the spirit made the flame blue, and by that light the skull it burnt in, and the mouldy bones and rags lying about, did not show handsome; but at that time o' day I was as devil-may-care a young fellow as ever stept, and beyond that the sight was a comical one, I saw nothing in it.

'First making sure that Mrs. Grimble was still snoring, I took out my knife, and my sail needle and my twine, and made certain alterations in the fit of my skin, especially in the head part of it, stuffing the sides of it with a handful of the dried grass that was lying about to keep it from wagging from side to side so much. I took the skin up a few inches along the

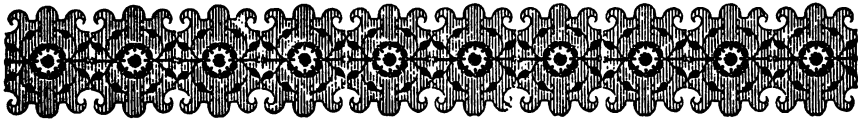
length of the body too, so that it might not hang down in such a slovenly manner, and sewed a gore in the hind feet, so as to allow freer motion to my own toes, which had been terribly cramped all day.

‘That job done, I gave my attention to the Spanish blade I had so luckily discovered. It was of uncommon length, being as nigh four feet long as possible, and, as I before said, with the hilt of it all sparkling with precious stones, which afterwards, as I may tell you, proved to be even more valuable than I supposed. But the worst of it was that the blade had remained for so long a time in the sheath, that I began to despair of moving it. However, by well greasing it where the hilt met the scabbard, and holding it over the flame of my lamp, it at last yielded, and, to my great satisfaction, it turned out that it was only at the end that the damp had rusted it, all the way down to the tip it was as bright as the first day it was new from the cutler’s.

‘Well, gentlemen, while I was still admiring the long sword, and blessing my lucky stars that I should have got possession of such an excellent weapon, I was all at once conscious of a remarkable alteration that had taken place in my fur-coat. I observed it first in the paw that grasped the hilt of the sword; the fur of it being all stuck upright, and quivering as though every hair of it was alive. This set me examining my other parts, and, to my great astonishment, I discovered that, from the top of my nose to my tail, my fur was in the same strange disorder,—for all the world like the coat of a cat when it is frightened at a mastiff;

while, at the same time, there was a curious twitching about my muzzle, urging me to roar. I couldn't make it out at all. "It's the closeness of this confounded place, I suppose," thought I, "and the smell of dead men's bones and rags that has turned me giddy. The fur's all right enough; I am the victim of what the skyentific call an optical delusion. There's nothing like fresh air for that complaint, and that's what I'll try."

'So, taking another nip of the old rum to fortify myself, I took down the blocking from the street-door, and, with the long Spanish sword in my paw, and resting over my shoulder, ventured out. And now that I'm coming to another ticklish part of my narrative,—a part which, on the whole, I think I may call the *most* ticklish, and that for more reasons than one,—I think I will take another short spell of rest beforehand, and if you think it my deservings, gentlemen, another jorum of your capital grog, and a pipe.'



THE FOURTH PART.

‘**I**N an instant, the reason of my hide erecting its fur was made plain. I had turned a corner of a sharp jutting rock, by the side of which was a clump of low scrubby bushes, when what should I see, at a distance of not more than a ship’s length from me, but four bright, twinkling stars, about eighteen inches from the snowy ground! D’ye see, gentlemen?’

‘I think we understand what you mean, Mr. Lynes; but how, in the first place, four stars could have found their way down to within eighteen inches of the ground, or how, if they had done so, they could influence the fur on your bear-skin, I for one am at a loss to conceive,’ said the corporal.

‘But, supposing the four stars, as I call ’em, and as they deserved to be called, they were such blazers, were lions’ eyes!’

‘Lions’ eyes!’ exclaimed at least half a dozen marines in a breath.

‘Nothing less, I assure you. There they were, the same pair—the black one and the tawny one—as I had seen in the

early part of the day, stealing off with Mrs. Grimble's cub. Well, gentlemen, I can't explain how it was,—most likely it was a good deal of it owing to that powerful rum,—but you may take my word for it, I never felt pluckier, or more inclined to show my mettle in my life than I did at that moment ; and, so far from running away, I just sat down on my hind-quarters, and went on with my pipe coolly, as though nothing at all was the matter.

'As it turned out, this was the very best course I could have pursued. It was plain that the two lions were all abroad as to what sort of bear I could possibly be ; and no wonder, they never having seen any but common bears, and not having heard a word about my arrival, or the instances I had already given of my powers as a conjuror. I could hear 'em whispering,—for I must tell you that, once having got the key to the language of wild beasts, it is almost as easy to understand one as another, the widest difference being no greater than between a Scotchman and a cockney.

"It is a bear, surely," said the black lion.

"To be sure it is ; the same one that we saw playing with the white stick in Grimble's cave when we peeped in at the hole in the roof." No wonder my fur so suddenly stuck upright while I was examining the bright Spanish blade,—that was, no doubt, what they mistook for a "white stick,"—all the while there was a pair of lion's eyes regarding me, and not five feet off !

"To be sure, he has the white stick with him now ; but what does he do with a star in his mouth ?"

‘The glow of my tobacco this was. It was a very short, black pipe ; so that at a distance, and in the dark, only the fire could be seen.

‘“Star or no star!” exclaimed the tawny lion, who was a trifle the smallest, “he’ll make us a supper. Come on, Crunchem, let us polish him off handsomely.”

‘And on they came with a dull muffled roar, and with eyes glowing brighter and brighter as they neared me. Evidently they expected that I should turn tail and run ; but when they found that I kept my seat, and betrayed no sort of alarm, they came to a halt, and the black lion called out in his thundering voice—

‘“Hi! ho! you hideous bear cub, do you know who we are?”

‘“I’ve heard about you,” I roared in bear language in return. “I had set out to come and see you, only I took it into my head to rest on the road.”

‘“Indeed! you must be very tired of your life, little bear,” said the tawny lion. “We’ve saved you a walk, you see ; come and let us eat you, and say no more about it.”

‘“Nay ; if you are too lazy to fetch your supper, you may go without it for me,” said I, at the same time changing my position, so as to make ready for an attack, and grasping my Spanish sword well in my right paw. It was well that I did so, for at the same moment, with a terrific roar, they sprang towards me, and were within six yards ere I had time to raise myself to my hind legs and present my blade.

‘“There is no call for any sort of hurry, my hearties,” said I ;

"there is plenty of time before me. Which of you prefers to have his throat cut first?"

'Once more they stood still, staring at each other in comical wonderment. "Well! upon my claws!" exclaimed the grey one presently, "this beats cock-fighting! I never came across a more impudent little villain in all my life. Do you know, you ignorant cub, that either one of us is a match for any half-dozen of your big brothers?"

"I haven't got any brothers, so I can't say," I replied. "If you mean fighting, come on; one word is as good as a thousand."

'This was too much for the patience of the tawny, and with a rageful cry he made full at me, with the black one at his heels, but I was a match for 'em. I can't help repeating, that where I got my pluck and coolness from that night is always a marvel to me, but cool and plucky I was beyond a doubt, and made no more of the lions than though they had been a couple of tinkers' tykes. On the tawny one making his spring, I ducked down, so that he passed clean over me, and I was just in time to make a neat thrust at the black one, sending my blade in at his open mouth, and skewering him neatly through the cheek and ear; and such was his astonishment, that I verily believe I might have despatched him on the spot, only that I had to whip out my blade quick as lightning, in order to give a prod to his friend's hind-quarters before he could recover himself and turn about. It wasn't a very deep wound that I gave the tawny lion, but being quite unused to such a mode of attack, and unprepared for it, he uttered a dreadful yell, and, springing forward, ran



IT WASN'T A VERY DEEP WOUND THAT I GAVE THE TAWNY LION.

Page 82.

quite forty yards before he stopped ; and when I looked round I discovered that the black one had taken to his heels as well.

‘ ‘Come on !” I cried, feeling three times as plucky, now that my blood was up. “Fidlum’s my name, and I’m good to lick forty of you. You’ll think twice before you steal any more young bears, I’ll warrant.”

‘ But there wasn’t a hap’orth of pluck left in either of them, and there they stood whispering to each other, the black one sneezing dreadfully and feeling his sore ear. Seeing this, I gave a loud roar, and, flourishing my sword, made after them, when they turned tail and ran for their lives ; and I needn’t remark that, finding them so disposed, I did not sprain my ankles in running after them. When, however, they got to a safe distance, the tawny turned round, and, shaking his fore-paw at me, cried—

‘ “Don’t think that it’s all over, my friend ; you’ll hear from us again, as sure as you’ve got an ugly head on your shoulders.”

‘ “The sooner the better,” I roared in return. “You may hear of me at Grimble’s whenever you want me.”

‘ “So much for the valiant lions that people are so fond of talking of,” said I to myself, feeling, I’m afraid, not a little bumptious over my victory ; but when I came to examine the weapon to which the said victory was mainly due, I discovered that I had escaped only by a miracle, for the blade, which, as before mentioned, was much rusted at the hilt, had nearly given way in the two stabs I had made at the lions, and now merely hung by a thread as it were. I could have broken it off with my finger and thumb, as easily as breaking a tobacco-pipe.

‘ This, as you may easily imagine, gentlemen, put me into a considerable fix. Not only had the black lion given me warning of his intention to seek revenge at an early opportunity ; he, and consequently all his companions, knew my address, and might call on me at a time the most unexpected. It wouldn’t have been so bad if my sword had remained true to me ; but what could I do with a blade without a handle ? For a moment I felt so disgusted with the thing that I was on the point of throwing the handle away ; but, on second thoughts, I put it in my pocket. Then it came into my mind that I might make a sort of spear out of the long blade. There were plenty of young firs about, and I had a goodish bit of the hank of twine still left ; so, without wasting further time, I took out my knife, and cut a convenient sapling, about three feet long, and an inch and a half through, and made the best of my way back to Grimble’s cave.

‘ Whether she had been partly roused at the roaring of the lions, I can’t say, but I found that Mrs. Grimble had shifted from her bed, and was now lying just before the threshold of the cave. She was snoring as soundly as before, however, and I took care not to disturb her, but stepped over her. My light in the skull lamp was still burning, though the fat in it was nearly exhausted ; so my first job was to trim it up a bit and soak some more wick in a drop of rum, at the same time treating myself to a dram, which I think I had earned, and then I set about my job.

‘ It was not so easy as might be imagined. I had first to cut a socket for my blade, and the sapling being very tough and green, I was obliged to leave off very often to whet my knife on

a stone ; and then, to make my twine bind well, I soaked a length at a time in the melted fat in the lamp ; so that it was peep of day almost before the spear was finished to my satisfaction. However, it *was* finished to my satisfaction, and that was everything. It would be hard to imagine a more handy weapon : being over six feet long, with a blade as sharp as a razor, and at least three feet long of itself, while altogether it couldn't have weighed four pounds. After that I put out my lamp, and hid it so that Mrs. Grimble might not get a suspicion that I was rayther *too* clever, and then lay down for forty winks, not knowing how hard a day's work might be in store for me.

‘ But it wasn't to be : I don't think I could have taken more than seventeen or eighteen of the forty, when I felt myself gradually raised up from the ground, and on putting out my hand to see what caused it, there I found the confounded fur of the bear's hide standing on end again, and so stiff that even my weight was not enough to crush it down. I wanted no telling what was the matter,—the lions were after me again ! Even had I been ignorant of what the rising of my fur signified, I should not have been kept long puzzling ; for presently Mrs. Grimble roused, and, with a terrified roar, came over to where I was lying.

‘ “ Don't you smell 'em, Fidlum ? ” said she, quaking, and with all the effects of her booze frightened out of her. “ The lions, Fidlum ! They must have heard that my old Grimble has deserted me, and are come to serve me as they served my poor

little Goggle. You won't let them take me, will you, Fidlum? You will set your charm against them, won't you, oh brave bear? You will serve them, body and bones, like you served my tail!"

'And all the while the old coward was speaking she was shaking like a leaf in winter, and the perspiration dripping from her coat made a noise like rain pattering on to the floor.

"I reckon that they're after me, ma'am, rather than you," said I; and I then, as briefly as possible, informed her of my encounter with the tawny and black lion, and showed her the "charm" I had made for them. Of course she had never seen the bright blade before, and it must have puzzled her thick head very much where it could have come from. Hearing that I had already had a brush with her mortal enemies, and come off with flying colours, she took heart a little, and promised to give me any assistance in her power.

"Then, first of all, Mrs. Grimble, just help me to pile those stones before the doorway," said I, "for if they once get in and catch me at close quarters, I can tell you that all the charms that ever were invented will be of no use to save us."

'She needed no second telling, and almost in as little time as it takes to tell, the stones were piled before the mouth of the cave, and all made so far snug and secure. Then we retired to the darkest corner to await the coming of our enemies.

'We had not long to wait. In less than three minutes we heard a pattering of heavy feet over head, and then a gruff whisper.

““ You are quite sure he said Grimble’s ?”

““ O-o-oh, that’s the old tawny!” whispered the she-bear, quaking so that I could hear the fur of her knees rustling as they knocked together. “You haven’t seen the old tawny yet, Fidlum! He’s the biggest and strongest of the lot, and the leader. There’s always bloody business afloat when the old tawny has a hand in it.”

““ I am quite sure that he said so,” a voice replied to the question, and from its snuffling twang I had no doubt that it belonged to the black lion, whose nose I had skewered last evening. “‘ When you want me, you may find me at Grimble’s.’ They were his words, I believe, Crunchem?”

““ It’s all right, I tell you,” Crunchem replied impatiently. “Didn’t we peep down a little hole there is somewhere here-about, and spy the little wretch playing with his white stick? Hang his white stick, the villain, it is sharper than a tooth!”

““ Where is the hole you peeped down?” asked the old tawny. “Show it me, that I may have a peep.”

“ I knew well enough where the peep-hole was, just in the centre of the roof of the cave where it was a goodish bit over eight feet in height. I wished that it hadn’t been quite so high, for soon as I heard the words the old tawny uttered, I made up my mind what I should do. However, mine isn’t the sort of ingenuity that fails a fellow at a pinch.

““ Come here, mother Grimble, quick,” said I, pulling the she-bear forward by the ear to the very centre of the cave. “Don’t you move or flinch, but let me stand reared upright

on your back, and if we have luck we'll make master tawny pay for peeping."

'She had such perfect belief in my charms, that she was afraid to refuse me, and there she stood, firm as a rock, while I mounted on to her broad back. So perched up, I was able to clap my left paw over the hole, while in my right paw I grasped my Spanish spear at half length. Only in bare time, I must tell you, for the very next instant I heard the black lion whisper—

"Well! it's very strange, this is the hole, I am sure, but now it is stopped up. I can't see no more than I could see through a brick wall!"

"Out of the way, and let me have a squint," said the old tawny; "you don't lay your eye close enough to it!"

'I peeped up between the chinks of my toes, and saw a streak of daylight, and then it was shut out, showing that the eye of the old tawny was clapped over the hole. Now or never! Swiftly drawing away my left paw, I stabbed upwards with all my might with my right, and instantly followed a hideous roar, and there poured down on Mrs. Grimble a red stream like water from the spout of a kettle.

'You don't mean to say he was killed on the spot?' inquired the corporal of marines, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

'On the spot he was killed, gentlemen, but not instantaneously,' replied Mr. Lynes. 'A man with less regard for the straight and narrow line of truth might say that he was, but it

was scarcely so. It seemed that although mortally wounded, through the blade of my spear penetrating to his brain, he did not drop at once, but transfixed to the spot he tossed his head up and down, as I could of course tell by the rising and falling of the spear—just like one of them new-fangled indicator things they have to ship's steam-boilers, till at last the spear wagged slower and more slow, and then stood still, by which token I knew that the old tawny too was still for good and all.

‘It was as though the other three, struck stupefied when they heard their leader utter that terrible roar, were kept so by the mysterious bobbing up and down of his head. When that ceased, however, they suddenly recovered, and united in firing off a peal of howls that might have been heard five miles off, and must have considerably astonished every bear on the island. It was a mercy that the effect of the united roars on Mrs. Grimble was not the means of doing me a serious injury, for when she heard the terrible sound, trembling and drenched with lions’ blood as she was before, she responded by a yell of fright, and, bolting from under me towards the entry, ran her head with such violence against the rocky wall that she rebounded and lay with no more life in her than if she had been just shot for melting. As you may easily imagine, gentlemen, I came down with a run, and should no doubt have damaged my knees had it not been for their coating of thick bear’s-skin. As it was, the tumble served me, since, as I kept firm hold on the handle of my spear, my falling weight released it from its firm fixing.

‘It was quite as well that when the stupid old she-bear ran

from beneath me that I got no hurt ; the battle had barely commenced yet, and I required all my pluck and coolness, I can assure you. Almost before the echo of the terrific dirge the three lions had roared over their comrade had ceased amongst the rocks and caverns, a startling thud against the stones that defended the mouth of the cave gave me warning that the siege had commenced in earnest. The very first push from without caused a little stone of about ten pounds in weight to fall from the top, and in doing so it alighted on the head of Mrs. Grimble who was lying sprawled right before the entrance, but without causing her to make the least stir, which I was not sorry to perceive, since she would certainly have given way to funking and squalling for mercy, and perhaps would have unnerved me for the job before me,—which was to keep the lions out. And, standing on my legs like a man, I worked precious hard to do it, hauling up and replacing the lumps as fast as the besiegers rammed them down, until I was pretty nigh exhausted. I would have given a trifle for a pull at that invigorating rum, but it was at the farther end of the cave, and there was not a moment to spare to fetch it.

‘ All at once there was a cessation of hostilities, and from a whispering, and then a pattering of four feet overhead, and then a stand-still, by which signs I knew that one of my enemies had been sent to take a squint through an overhead chink, and take bearings of the interior. What was the nature of the report he took back, of course I cannot say, but they at once altered their plan of forcing the blockade, substituting slow and steady

pressure at the bottom for leaping up and banging with their heads and tremendous paws at the top.

‘It was plain to me now that the critical moment was rapidly approaching, and that I couldn’t do better than fortify myself. So swiftly stepping across the cave, I found my precious rum jar, and drank a full gill of the wonderful spirit! Wonderful I call it, and well it deserved the name. You may depend upon it, gentlemen, that them fellows at the Admiralty who talk about the breed of sea-dogs that won Trafalgar and the Nile being extinct would do better to look for the cause of falling off in the rum puncheons they serve to the fleet. That of mine was the old fighting rum, I have not the least doubt. Soon as I had swallowed it my heart seemed to grow mellow as a Christmas pippin, and my head as cool as a cucumber.

‘I took a rapid survey of the position, and saw that there was only one chance for me. You’ll excuse me, gentlemen, if I say that there was a military smack about the scheme that occurred to me, that I would rather have exchanged for one more British tar like : something too much in the way of “fixed bayonets” to suit the taste of a man apprenticed to the use of the cutlas ; however, he is a surly traveller that quarrels with the bridge that carries him over the flood, and it isn’t my intention to be that one.

‘There was no time to be lost in consideration. The lower part of my fortification was rapidly yielding, and I knew that half a dozen more pushes would bring down the whole building ; so I crouched down behind the prostrate body of Mrs. Grumble,

and fixed my spear at a proper angle. Presently, with an ominous rumble, down came the stones, letting in enough of the grey daylight to enable me to catch a glimpse of the tawny lion whose nose I had slit—and who, I believe, was the son of the old hero who paid so dearly for peeping—rising for a spring, with his jaws extended and his talons spread. The next instant I was aware of a tremendous quivering of the ash hilt of my weapon, and then a pair of glaring green eyes glazing rapidly in death, and not more than a foot from my own.

‘D’ye see how it was, gentlemen? The young tawny had made its spring through the hole, and sprawling over Mrs. Grimble, his chest had plumped atop of my blade, which had penetrated to his heart. Nor was this the extent of my slice of good luck. The black lion following the other had measured its spring with the same accuracy, and would instantly have shared the same fate had enough of the spear projected through his comrade to have reached his vital parts. As it was, he was merely hooked on, as it were; and had I not been cool and collected, I have no doubt that he would very quickly have wriggled off again. But I was cool and collected, and when I found how matters stood, I exerted all my strength, and rammed my long spear further up, and instantly had the satisfaction of hearing the black lion’s death groan.

‘What with the old she-bear and the two lions lying atop of her, the mouth of the cave was pretty well filled up, so that the remaining lion couldn’t have leapt in if he had tried, which gave me an opportunity to withdraw the faithful weapon that



I EXERTED ALL MY STRENGTH AND RAMMED MY LONG SPEAR
FURTHER UP.

Page 92.

had done me such good service. And I did, and for several moments stood with it ready for my fourth customer, whatever his game might be. But he didn't come to make himself heard even ; and thinking, to be sure, that he had ran away, I crept out between the dead bodies to get a mouthful of fresh air, of which, as you may guess, gentlemen, I was by this time in sore need. But, to my delight and astonishment, no sooner had I put my head out at the mouth of the cave than I spied my fourth enemy, a magnificent white lion, lying stunned and motionless within a foot of me, with the largest stone with which the doorway had been blocked resting on his head, where I suppose it must have fallen when the whole lot came down, and before he could skip out of the way. I need not remark, gentlemen, that I took precious good care to put him past moving with a single well-aimed stab of my Spanish blade. And now that my work was done, I stepped behind a rock just to put myself straight a bit, and then strolled towards the bear town to tell the first inhabitant I might chance to meet of my luck.

'But I hadn't gone fifty yards when I suddenly found myself surrounded by a vast multitude of bears, their eyes still staring in terror, and the fur standing in a ridge all along their backs. They had heard the terrible roaring, and knew that I was fighting the lions with my "charm," but were in a great funk as to what the result might be, as was only natural. But when I told them all about it, and they went and found matters just as I had described, it nearly brought the tears into my eyes to see she-bears embracing their little ones, and old he's and she's

silently grasping paws in thankfulness that their bloodthirsty enemies were no more.'

'But poor Mrs. Grimble, was she too dead?' inquired the corporal of marines, dashing a tear from his manly eye.

'Not so, I am glad to inform you,' answered Mr. Lynes; 'she was only stunned, and when they came to drag the weight of the two lions from off her, she stretched herself, and sneezed, and got up on to her legs as though nothing at all had been the matter; though, to do her justice, when she was told all about it, she was ready to lick my head off out of gratitude for so signally avenging the death of her darling Goggle.'

'Rough as they were too, I am bound to say of the bears that they were not a bad lot. After holding council together, while they joyfully picked the bones of the four lions, a deputation of the oldest waited on me, and informed me that it was the universal desire that I should be at once proclaimed King of Bear Island, and be entitled to all the privileges attaching to that office; chief amongst which were, that I should have the handsomest cave on the island as my residence, and twelve of the sturdiest he-bears of the tribe to hunt and fight for me. All, however, that I stipulated for was a big cave all to myself, with meat and water to be placed at my door fresh every morning, and wood broken up small and handy for burning, that I might keep up my fire "charm" "in case that the four lions should come to life again," as I told them. Further, I bargained that a bear should always keep sentry on the shore to look out for any ship that might approach the island, alleging, as an

excuse, that I knew of a charm that would draw every two-legged creature aboard of her ashore to be eaten, or do as we liked with.

‘They at once agreed to all I proposed, and next day I took possession of a comfortable den of my own selection, with a narrow doorway and a hole in the roof; and having secured the skins of the four lions to make me a bed, I was happy as a middy. There was a good drop of rum still left in the bottle. I had full six ounces of bacca and lucifer matches. Regularly as clock-work every morning, there I found the meat and the water and the wood just outside my door; all I wanted was a chum to blow a cloud with and discourse with as to our prospects.

‘However, I needn’t remark that this contentment lasted just as long as the rum did; that the last whiff of the former went up and out at the hole in my roof with the little blue cloud that came out of my last bit of bacca. Then I got the blues dreadfully bad. I couldn’t get out to take exercise. I got nothing to eat but meat, and nothing to drink but water. I was regularly miserable, and that’s a fact.

‘Well, this lasted a fortnight and a day, when one morning what should I hear but a terrible hammering at my door, and when I inquired what the row was about, I was informed that there was a “two-leg boat” in sight from the shore.

‘You may depend on it that I was not long in turning out, and trotting down to the beach; and true enough there was a ship’s boat, and not half a mile from the land, with a boat’s crew in it pulling for the shore!

‘ At once I turned to the bears, and bade them make themselves scarce while I “ charmed ” the two-legged ones ashore. All of them obeyed excepting Mrs. Grimble, who, in the most obstinate manner, refused to leave me, declaring that she would sooner die first ; so I was obliged to let her take her own way.

‘ I had my spear with me, but I wanted something to tie at the end of it by way of a signal ; so I sent her to her den for the largest bit of cloth she could find, and she trotted off, and presently returned with the sleeve of a blue jacket, which I hoisted, at the same time shouting “ Ship a-hoy ! ” in English, and at the top of my voice—Mrs. Grimble, understanding neither the language nor the manœuvre, and, no doubt, thinking that it was part of the charm. In a few minutes I had the satisfaction to see my signal answered from the boat, and down I sat with Mrs. Grimble by my side, thinking what a startler it would be for the middy in command to hear himself addressed in his own tongue by a bear.

‘ But I was nearly the victim of my own silly joke. Soon as the boat’s crew stepped ashore, and saw nobody but two bears, the middy swore a round oath, and, putting his piece to his shoulder, prepared to let fly. There was not a moment to be lost.

“ Hold hard, sir ! ” I bawled, rearing up on my hind legs ; “ never fire at a shipmate ! ”

‘ But the effect was nearly as fatal as though he had fired ; for the men, giving a loud shout that it could be none other than Beelzebub, ran back towards the boat and prepared to

shove off. It was lucky for me that the middy preserved his presence of mind.

“Who are you?” he shouted.

“Tom Lynes; and, please your honour, of the whaler ‘Longbow,’ Captain Blubberby. Caught between two icebergs, and all lost but me, your honour.”

“Show your figurehead, if you are indeed a man,” said the middy.



‘This didn’t take long: whipping my Spanish blade round my head, as though about to cut it off, I severed the bear-skin, and took it off by the muzzle, showing my own human face, whereat I thought that the middy and his crew would have been convulsed with laughter.

‘But it was different with Mrs. Grimble. No sooner did she see my two-legged face than she skipped aside as though

she was burnt, and after gazing on me for a second in stupefied amazement, uttered one prolonged roar, and took to her heels. And so that's the end of my story, gentlemen, except that I brought away with me the jewelled hilt of the sword I before mentioned, and which I disposed of to a dealer in Cheapside for a hundred and nine guineas. But I was a racketty devil-may-care, and five weeks saw the last one changed, and me looking after a ship again.'

'One word, if you please, Mr. Lynes,' said the corporal. 'Can you still speak the bear language?'

'I can do that,' replied Thomas; 'but the misfortune is, that I speak it so precious pure that there isn't a man or a bear in England can understand me. Any more questions to ask, gentlemen?'

'For my part, I have done; and I thank you for your capital story, Mr. Lynes.'

'You are all *done*,' murmured Thomas, as he strolled off to the fork'sall, 'browner than you imagine.'

NEW AND POPULAR
WORKS FOR THE YOUNG,

PUBLISHED BY GRIFFITH & FARRAN.

THE ATTRACTIVE PICTURE BOOK. A New Gift from the Old Corner. Containing numerous Illustrations by eminent Artists. Super-royal 4to, price 3s. 6d. plain; 7s. 6d. coloured; 10s. 6d. mounted on cloth and coloured, bound in an elegant cover printed in gold and colours.

THE BEAR KING. A Narrative confided to the Marines. By JAMES GREENWOOD, Author of 'The Hatchet Throwers,' etc. With Illustrations by ERNEST GRISET. Small 4to, printed on toned paper. Price 3s. 6d. cloth; 5s. coloured, gilt edges.

CASTLES AND THEIR HEROES. Fireside Tales for the Young. By BARBARA HUTTON. With Six Illustrations by GEORGINA BOWERS. Post 8vo, price 5s. cloth; 5s. 6d. gilt edges.

THE BOOK OF CATS. A Chit-Chat Chronicle of Feline Facts and Fancies, Legendary, Lyrical, Medical, Mirthful, and Miscellaneous. By CHARLES H. ROSS. With Twenty Illustrations by the Author. Post 8vo, price 5s. cloth; 5s. 6d. gilt edges.

THE CHILDREN'S PIC-NIC, AND WHAT CAME OF IT. By EMILIA MARRYAT NORRIS, Author of 'Long Evenings,' 'What became of Tommy,' etc. With Illustrations by AUGUSTA MARRYAT. Super-royal 16mo, price 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A LOST DOG. Reported by Her Mistress, FRANCES POWER COBBE. With a Photograph from Life by FRANK HAES. Super-royal 16mo, price 2s. cloth, gilt edges.

COUSIN TRIX AND HER WELCOME TALES. By GEORGINA M. CRAIK, Author of 'Playroom Stories,' etc. With Illustrations by F. W. KEYL. Super-royal 16mo, price 3s. 6d. cloth; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

GERALD AND HARRY; OR, THE BEARS IN THE NORTH. By EMILIA MARRYAT NORRIS, Author of 'The Early Start in Life,' etc. With Six Illustrations by J. B. ZWECKER. Post 8vo, price 5s. cloth; 5s. 6d. gilt edges.

HIS NAME WAS HERO. By the Author of the 'Grateful Sparrow,' etc. With a Frontispiece from a Painting by SIR A. CALCOTT, R.A. Super-royal 16mo, price 1s. sewed.

LITTLE CHILD'S FABLE BOOK, THE, arranged Progressively in Words of One, Two, and Three Syllables. With Sixteen Illustrations by GEORGINA BOWERS. Printed on toned paper. Small 4to, price 3s. 6d. cloth; 5s. cloth, gilt edges.

THE YOUNG VOCALIST. A Collection of Twelve Songs, each with an Accompaniment for the Pianoforte, selected from Mozart, Mendelssohn, Spohr, etc. By MRS. MOUNSEY BARTHOLOMEW. Crown 4to.

TAKING TALES FOR COTTAGE HOMES. Published Monthly, each Number containing sixty-four pages, neatly printed in large type on good paper, with Engravings. Crown 8vo, price 4d. in a neat cover;
Also in Quarterly Volumes, each containing Three Tales, 192 pages, strongly bound in cloth, price 1s. 6d. each.

CASIMIR, THE LITTLE EXILE. By CAROLINE PEACHEY. With Illustrations by C. STANTON. Post 8vo, price 4s. 6d. cloth elegant; 5s. gilt edges.

'Boys will eagerly devour Casimir's surprising adventures.'—*Guardian*.

LUCY'S CAMPAIGN. A Story of Adventure. By MARY and CATHERINE LEE. With Illustrations by GEORGE HAY. Fcap. 8vo, price 3s. cloth elegant; 3s. 6d. gilt edges.

'Written with some of the grace and facility that distinguish the literary style of the two sisters—Sophia and Harriet Lee.'—*Athenæum*.

THE HOLIDAYS ABROAD; OR, RIGHT AT LAST. By EMMA DAVENPORT, Author of 'Our Birthdays,' etc. With Frontispiece by G. HAY. Fcap. 8vo, price 2s. 6d. cloth extra; 3s. gilt edges.

'Mrs. Davenport delights in all manner of healthful and innocent enjoyments, and makes her readers delight in them also.'—*Art Journal*.

GERTY AND MAY. By the Author of 'Granny's Story Box.' With Illustrations by M. L. VINING. Super-royal 16mo, price 2s. 6d. cloth extra; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

'A charming book for children, excellently printed and illustrated.'—*Literary Churchman*.

HELEN IN SWITZERLAND. By the HON. AUGUSTA BETHELL, Author of 'The Echoes of an Old Bell.' With Illustrations by E. WHYMPER. Super-royal 16mo, price 3s. 6d. cloth extra; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

'The author tells us another story with her customary freshness and good feeling.'—*Athenæum*.

NEW WORK BY HOOD'S DAUGHTER.

WILD ROSES ; OR, SIMPLE STORIES OF COUNTRY LIFE. By FRANCES FREELING BRODERIP. With Illustrations by H. ANELAY. Post 8vo, price 3s. 6d. cloth elegant ; 4s. gilt edges.

'One seems to breathe the pure bracing air of the hill-country on reading them.'—*Nonconformist*.

NURSERY TIMES ; OR, STORIES ABOUT THE LITTLE ONES. By AN OLD NURSE. With Illustrations by J. LAWSON. Imperial 16mo, price 3s. 6d. cloth ; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

CONTENTS.—1. Early Times. 2. Awkward Times. 3. Happy Times. 4. Troublesome Times. 5. Christmas—once upon a Time.

'The Old Nurse is almost as good a narrator of child's stories as Mrs. Gatty.'—*Nonconformist*.

THE SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF THE CLUMSY BOY CRUSOE. By CHARLES H. ROSS. With Twenty-three Coloured Illustrations. Imperial 8vo, price 2s. in fancy cover.

INFANT AMUSEMENTS ; OR, HOW TO MAKE A NURSERY HAPPY. With Practical Hints to Parents and Nurses on the Moral and Physical Training of Children. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. Post 8vo, price 3s. 6d. cloth.

'Mr. Kingston's book is a treasury of practical wisdom on the subject of which it treats.'—*Christian Times*.

'It ought to be in the hands of every mother and governess.'—*Art Journal*.

'We urge parents most strongly to obtain this book forthwith : we know of no book that can compare with it in practical value : it is a *multum in parvo*.'—*Our Own Fireside*.

STRANGE STORIES OF THE ANIMAL WORLD. A Book of Curious Contributions to Natural History. By JOHN TIMBS, Author of 'Things not Generally Known,' etc. With Seven Illustrations by ZWECKER, etc. Post 8vo, price 6s. cloth ; 6s. 6d. gilt edges.

'Among all the books of the season that will be studied with profit and pleasure, there is not one more meritorious in aim, or more successful in execution.'—*Athenæum*.

ALMERIA'S CASTLE ; OR, MY EARLY LIFE IN INDIA AND ENGLAND. By LADY LUSHINGTON, Author of 'The Happy Home,' 'Hacco the Dwarf,' etc. With Twelve Illustrations. Super-royal 16mo, price 4s. 6d. cloth ; 5s. gilt edges.

'The Authoress has a very graphic pen, and brings before our eyes, with singular vividness, the localities and modes of life she aims to describe.'—*London Review*.

FEATHERLAND ; OR, HOW THE BIRDS LIVED AT GREENLAWN. By G. M. FENN. With Illustrations by F. W. KEYL. Super-royal 16mo, price 2s. 6d. cloth ; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

'A delightful book for children. There is no story, but the happiest perception of childish enjoyment is contained in fanciful sketches of bird life.'—*Examiner*.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S DAUGHTER.

WHAT BECAME OF TOMMY. By EMILIA MARRYAT NORRIS, Author of 'A Week by Themselves,' etc. With Illustrations by ABSOLON. Super-royal 16mo, price 2s. 6d. cloth ; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

MAMMA'S MORNING GOSSIPS ; OR, LITTLE BITS FOR LITTLE BIRDS. Being Easy Lessons for one Month in Words of One Syllable, and a Story to read for each Week. By Mrs. BRODERIP. With Fifty Illustrations by her Brother, THOMAS HOOD. Fcap. 4to, price 3s. cloth ; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

'A perfectly delightful reading-book for the little ones.'—*Guardian*.

THE AUSTRALIAN BABES IN THE WOOD. A True Story told in Rhyme for the Young. With Fourteen Illustrations by HUGH CAMERON, J. M'WHIRTIE, GEORGE KAY, J. LAWSON, etc. Imperial 16mo, price 1s. 6d. fancy boards ; 2s. cloth, gilt edges.

TROTTIE'S STORY BOOK. True Tales in Short Words and Large Type. By the Author of 'Tiny Stories,' 'Tuppy,' etc. With Eight Illustrations by WEIR. Second Edition. Price 2s. 6d. cloth ; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

EARLY DAYS OF ENGLISH PRINCES. By Mrs. RUSSELL GRAY. Illustrations by JOHN FRANKLIN. New and Enlarged Edition. Super-royal 16mo, price 3s. 6d. cloth ; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

MERRY SONGS FOR LITTLE VOICES. The Words by Mrs. BRODERIP ; Set to Music by THOMAS MURBY, Author of 'The Musical Student's Manual.' With Forty Illustrations by THOMAS HOOD. Fcap. 4to, price 5s. cloth.

'The merriment is not without meaning or moral, and the songs are enlivened by quaint little cuts.'—*Saturday Review*.

ECHOES OF AN OLD BELL ; and Other Tales of Fairy Lore. By the Hon. AUGUSTA BETHELL. Illustrations by F. W. KEYL. Super royal 16mo, price 3s. 6d. cloth ; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

'A delightful book of well-conceived and elegantly-written fairy tales.'—*Literary Churchman*.

THE PRIMROSE PILGRIMAGE. A Woodland Story. By M. BETHAM EDWARDS, Author of 'Holidays among the Mountains,' etc. With Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID. Imperial 16mo, price 2s. 6d. cloth ; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

'One of the best books of children's verse that has appeared since the early days of Mary Howitt.'—*Nonconformist*.

'The poems are full of interest, and the illustrations charming.'—*Art Journal*.

PICTURES OF GIRL LIFE. By CATHERINE AUGUSTA HOWELL, Author of 'Pages of Child Life.' Frontispiece by F. ELTZE. Fcap. 8vo, price 3s. cloth; 3s. 6d. gilt edges.

'A really healthy and stimulating book for girls.'—*Nonconformist*.

THE HAPPY HOME; OR, THE CHILDREN AT THE RED HOUSE. By LADY LUSHINGTON. Illustrated by G. J. PINWELL. Super-royal 16mo, price 3s. 6d. cloth; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

'A happy mixture of fact and fiction. Altogether it is one of the best books of the kind we have met with.'—*Guardian*.

OUR BIRTHDAYS; AND HOW TO IMPROVE THEM. By EMMA DAVENPORT. Frontispiece by D. H. FRISTON. Fcap. 8vo, price 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. gilt edges.

'Most admirably suited as a gift to young girls.'—*British Mothers' Magazine*.

LIVE TOYS; OR, ANECDOTES OF OUR FOUR-LEGGED AND OTHER PETS. By EMMA DAVENPORT. With Illustrations by HARRISON WEIR. Second Edition. Super-royal 16mo, price 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

'One of the best kind of books for youthful reading.'—*Guardian*.

THOMAS HOOD'S DAUGHTER.

CROSSPATCH, THE CRICKET, AND THE COUNTER-PANE. A Patchwork of Story and Song. By FRANCES FREELING BRODERIP. Illustrated by her Brother, THOMAS HOOD. Super-royal 16mo, price 3s. 6d. cloth; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

'Hans Andersen has a formidable rival in this gentle lady.'—*Art Journal*.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S BUDGET OF STORIES AND VERSES. By FRANCES FREELING BRODERIP. Illustrated by her Brother, THOMAS HOOD. Price 3s. 6d. cloth; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

'Some of the most charming little inventions that ever adorned this department of literature.'—*Illustrated Times*.

TINY TADPOLE, and Other Tales. By FRANCES FREELING BRODERIP. With Illustrations by her Brother, THOMAS HOOD. Super-royal 16mo, price 3s. 6d. cloth; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

'A remarkable book, by the brother and sister of a family in which genius and fun are inherited.'—*Saturday Review*.

WILLIAM ALLAIR; OR, RUNNING AWAY TO SEA. By Mrs. H. WOOD, Author of 'East Lynne,' 'The Channings,' etc. Frontispiece by F. GILBERT. Fcap. 8vo, price 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. gilt edges.

'There is a fascination about Mrs. Wood's writings from which neither old nor young can escape.'—*Bell's Messenger*.

**SPECTROPIA; OR, SURPRISING SPECTRAL ILLU-
SIONS**, showing Ghosts everywhere, and of any colour. By J. H. BROWN.
Fourth Edition, 4to. Coloured plates, price 2s. 6d. fancy boards.

'One of the best scientific toy books we have seen.'—*Athenæum*.

'A clever book. The illusions are founded on true scientific principles.'—*Chemical News*.

'We heartily commend Mr. Brown's ingenious work.'—*The Lancet*.

A BOOK FOR EVERY CHILD.

THE FAVOURITE PICTURE BOOK; A Gallery of Delights
designed for the Amusement and Instruction of the Young. With Several Hundred
Illustrations from Drawings by J. ABSOLON, H. K. BROWNE (PHIZ), J. GILBERT,
T. LANDSEER, J. LEECH, J. S. PROUT, H. WEIR, etc. New Edition, Royal 4to,
bound in a New and Elegant Cover, price 3s. 6d. plain; 7s. 6d. coloured; 10s. 6d.
mounted on cloth and coloured.

LANDELL'S INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING WORKS.

THE BOY'S OWN TOY MAKER. A Practical Illustrated
Guide to the Useful Employment of Leisure Hours. By E. LANDELLS. With
Two Hundred Cuts. Sixth Edition. Royal 16mo, price 2s. 6d. cloth.

'A new and valuable form of endless amusement.'—*Nonconformist*.

'We recommend it to all who have children to be instructed and amused.'—*Economist*.

**THE GIRL'S OWN TOY MAKER, AND BOOK OF
RECREATION.** By E. and A. LANDELLS. Third Edition. With Two
Hundred Illustrations. Royal 16mo, price 2s. 6d. cloth.

'A perfect magazine of information.'—*Illustrated News of the World*.

COMICAL PICTURE BOOKS.

Uniform in size with 'The Struwwelpeter.'

Each with Sixteen large Coloured Plates, price 2s. 6d. in fancy boards;
or mounted on cloth 1s. extra.

PICTURE FABLES. Written and Illustrated by ALFRED
CROWQUILL.

THE CARELESS CHICKEN. By the BARON KRAKEMSIDES.
By ALFRED CROWQUILL.

FUNNY LEAVES FOR THE YOUNGER BRANCHES.
By the BARON KRAKEMSIDES of Burstenoudelafen Castle. Illustrated by
ALFRED CROWQUILL.

LAUGH AND GROW WISE. By the SENIOR OWL of Ivy
Hall. With Sixteen Large Coloured Plates. Price 2s. 6d. fancy boards; or 3s. 6d.
mounted on cloth.

**THE REMARKABLE HISTORY OF THE HOUSE THAT
JACK BUILT.** Splendidly Illustrated and magnificently Illuminated by the SON
of a GENIUS. Price 2s. in fancy cover.

'Magnificent in suggestion and most comical in expression.'—*Athenæum*.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

3. The third part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

4. The fourth part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

5. The fifth part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.



E
EAR
ING

